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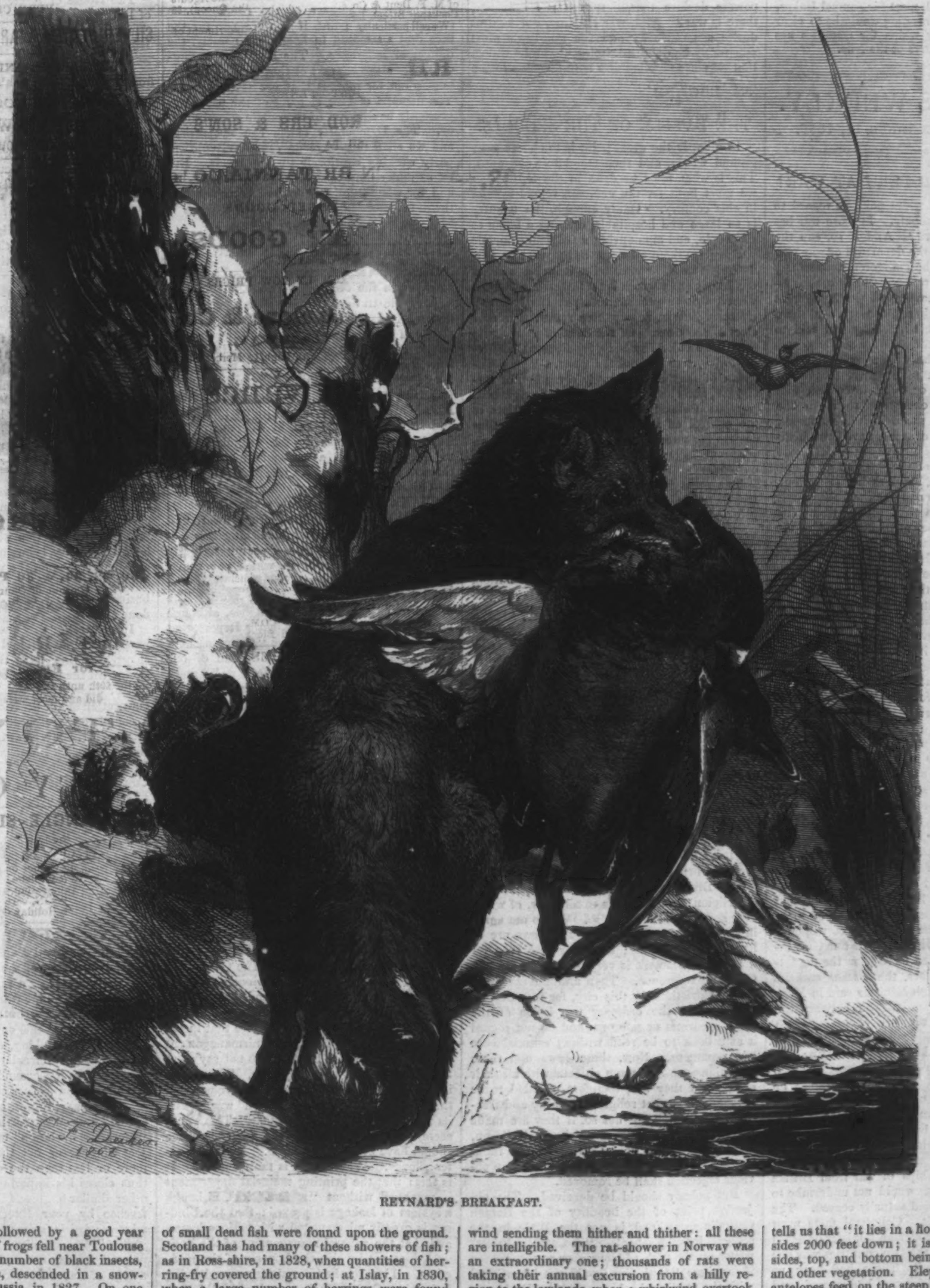
REYNARD'S BREAKFAST.

THIS spirited illustration of forest life tells its own story so well as hardly to require a word of explanation. Master REYNARD, always a diligent provider for his household, has evidently left his cozy den in the early hours of a winter morning on a foraging expedition. While the gray mist still hangs low over forest and marsh, he has made his way stealthily down to the border of the lake, where, no doubt, he has often replenished his exhausted larder. Creeping noiselessly over the yielding snow, he has surprised a family of ducks, sleeping in fancied safety among the rocks. Not a sound gives warning of danger to their quick sense of hearing. Pushing aside the intervening reeds, without causing the rustle of a leaf, the sly marauder creeps nearer and nearer to the place where they nestle, until within easy reach of them. A quick spring, and he has seized the selected victim by the neck, slung him over his shoulder, and trotted up the bank with his prey; while the startled mate, with a shrill scream of affright, soars away into the air.

How admirably the artist manages the details that tell the story of this little woodland tragedy—the gray, wintry atmosphere, the snow banked against the old tree trunk on the left, and loading down the leafless twigs, the reedy bank and the black water from whose margin Master REYNARD has snatched his prey. The half-open wings and drooping neck show that the sharp jaws have done their fatal work. In another moment the lucky forager will turn the corner round the old tree, and, with his victim slung over his shoulder, trot merrily back to his expectant household.



REYNARD'S BREAKFAST.

CURIOUS SHOWERS.

THERE are sometimes real showers of very unreal rain. It is stated by an old writer that in Lapland and Finmark, about a century ago, mice of a particular kind were known to fall from the sky; and that such an event was sure to be followed by a good year for foxes. A shower of frogs fell near Toulouse in 1804. A prodigious number of black insects, about an inch in length, descended in a snow-storm at Pakroff, in Russia, in 1827. On one occasion, in Norway, the peasants were astonished at finding a shower of rats pelting down on their heads. Showers of fishes have been numerous. At Stanstead, in Kent, in 1666, a pasture-field was found, one morning, covered plentifully with fish, although there is neither sea nor river, lake nor fish-pond near. At Allahabad, in 1839, an English officer saw a good smart down-pour of fish, and soon afterward thousands of small dead fish were found upon the ground. Scotland has had many of these showers of fish; as in Ross-shire, in 1828, when quantities of herring-fry covered the ground; at Islay, in 1830, when a large number of herrings were found strewed over a field after a heavy, gusty rain; at Wick, much more recently, when herrings were found in large quantities in a field half a mile from the beach. In all these, and numerous other cases, when a liberal allowance has been made for exaggeration, the remainder can be explained by well-understood causes. Stray wind blowing from a sea or river; a water-spout licking up the fish out of the water; a whirlwind sending them hither and thither: all these are intelligible. The rat-shower in Norway was an extraordinary one; thousands of rats were taking their annual excursion from a hilly region to the lowlands, when a whirlwind overtook them, whisked them up, and deposited them in a field at some distance—doubtless much to the astonishment of such of the rats as came down alive.

The so-called showers of blood have had their day of terror and marvel, and have disappeared. Not that any one ever saw such a shower actually fall; but red spots have occasionally been seen on walls and stones, much to the popular dismay. Swammerdam, the naturalist, told the people of the Hague, two centuries ago, that these red spots were connected with some phenomena of insect life; but they would not believe him, and insisted that the spots were real blood, and were portents of evil times to come. Other naturalists have since confirmed the scientific opinion.

AFRICAN DISCOVERY.

AT the time of writing his last dispatch (dated June, 1868), Dr. Livingstone had not reached Lake Tanganyika, which is believed to flow into the Nile; but he had found a chain of lakes to the south which drained toward the north, and, as he believed, through Lake Tanganyika into that river. These lakes are fed by numerous rivers of considerable size, and should they prove to be the head-waters of the Nile, we must look for the sources of the mighty river at least four hundred miles south of the most southerly point of the Victoria N'yanza. The River Chambese seems to connect these lakes with each other and with the Tanganyika, and the whole volume of water which they contain in all probability finds its way into the Nile. We must wait for further information before we can say positively that these lakes and rivers are within the basin of the Nile, but there is every probability that the opinions which have been expressed in favor of this hypothesis will soon be verified. Meanwhile we can not but feel extremely interested in the descriptions which Dr. Livingstone gives of the places which he has visited, and which prove that in the region now opened up for the first time there are spots as beautiful and as blessed by nature as any thing that we can imagine. Speaking of Lake Liemba, one of the chain which he has discovered, Dr. Livingstone tells us that "it lies in a hollow, with precipitous sides 2000 feet down; it is extremely beautiful, sides, top, and bottom being covered with trees and other vegetation. Elephants, buffaloes, and antelopes feed on the steep slopes; while hippopotami, crocodiles, and fish swarm in the waters. Guns being unknown, the elephants, unless sometimes deceived into a pitfall, have it all their own way. It is as perfect a natural paradise as Zenophon could have desired. On two rocky islands men till the land, rear goats, and catch fish . the villages ashore are embowered in the palm-oil palms of the west coast of Africa." Livingstone's present journey has only confirmed what was brought to light in his previous travels, viz. : that instead of the interior of Africa being a sandy desert, as was formerly thought, it is really rich in vegetation, and studded with lakes." But there is another fact which Dr. Livingstone has discovered in connection with Lake Liemba, and which goes far toward outweighing all others in importance. The altitude of this lake the doctor ascertained to be 2840 feet, thus showing that Speke's observations were incorrect, and that Mr. Findlay was probably right in saying Speke had made a mistake of about 1000 feet in his calculations. But we must wait until Dr. Livingstone comes home for the detailed information which will enable geographers to pronounce their final judgment on the Nile question. If the great explorer traces the lake system which he has discovered into the Tanganyika, and should find, on arriving at Ujiji, the stores and medicines sent there for his use, he will proceed to the northern end of the lake, and perhaps follow its affluent. Sir Roderick Murchison thinks he will return to Zanzibar after having ascertained the direction of the drainage of the Tanganyika; but Captain Sherard Osborn considers that he will probably follow the outlet, and see for himself whether it flows into the Albert N'yanza, and thence into the Nile. In the latter case, Dr. Livingstone would, in all likelihood, meet Sir Samuel Baker, and the result of this meeting would be to clear up the great mystery which for centuries has shrouded the head-waters of the Nile.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, December 18, 1869.

ARE SPAIN AND PERU AT WAR?

THERE is one important point in regard to the Spanish gun-boats. Is there war between Spain and Peru? And if so, can the United States permit the departure of war vessels built for one of the belligerents, upon any pretext or affidavit as to the intention of the vessels? England acknowledged the belligerent rights of the rebellion in this country. If, then, the agents of the rebel authority had said to the British Government that the *Alabama* was intended, not to make war upon the United States, but to be a marine police, to prevent the escape of slaves, or to do any thing that might be required, excepting to harm the United States, would the British Government, in the opinion of this country, have been justified in allowing the departure of the *Alabama?*

Suppose that one of the Spanish gun-boats sails from New York, receives her armament, and encounters a Peruvian ship, will she quietly sail by? Or suppose that, sailing from New York and receiving her armament, one of the gun-boats takes the place of some other Spanish ship of war, and so releases it to fight the Peruvian ship, have we not flagrantly violated our neutrality? What is the essence of neutrality? Is it not that the neutral will not allow either belligerent to strengthen himself in the neutral port? Or can a neutral permit a belligerent who is engaged both in a domestic and a foreign war, to strengthen himself in the neutral port upon the plea that his intention is the domestic and not the foreign difficulty? If a belligerent is strengthened, is he not necessarily strengthened against all his antagonists? In a word, if you give a man food, must you take his word for it that the nourishment is all going into his left arm, and not into the right? Can you feed him without strengthening both arms? If there be war between Spain and Peru, how can we, as an honest neutral, permit Spain to use us as her naval base?

These are very serious questions, and the rightful departure of the Spanish gun-boats would seem to depend upon the point, whether there is war between Spain and Peru. About eighteen months since, the relations of those two countries were the subject of correspondence between their Ministers and our Government, when Peru wished us to allow the departure of the two monitors, the *Oneota* and the *Catawba*. The Spanish Minister said in May, 1868, that if there was still war between the countries, it was not the fault of Spain, which had suspended hostilities since May, 1866, at the friendly request of Mr. Seward; but peace had not been accepted by the allied states of Peru and Chili, and therefore he hoped that we would not violate our neutrality. In reply, Mr. Seward said that Peru insisted that war had ceased by the suspension of hostilities, and that Spain had virtually acknowledged the claim by making an arrangement with Chili to clear ships of war from British ports. The President would not undertake to decide whether war had actually ceased. The question was difficult. Collateral facts must determine it. The Peruvian Minister declared that the situation of the two countries was one of "imperfect peace." There had been no treaty: but actually the war had ceased, and Peru would not resume it unless provoked by fresh hostilities. Yet the Minister conceded that, while there was no treaty, the war might "be renewed at any moment."

After deliberate consideration, the United States permitted the departure of the monitors, not upon the ground that war did not exist, but that there was then no condition of belligerency between the two powers which would justify their detention. Has the situation changed, and can the Peruvian Minister now justly declare that there is war between the countries? It is not two years since the Minister of Peru said that war might be renewed at any moment: not begun, but renewed. It can not be supposed that the recognition of Cuba by Peru has tended to confirm the half-peace, and any overt act upon the part of Peru would renew the war, which the Spanish Minister in May, 1868, insisted must not be considered ended.

The United States did not express an opinion upon the question of war. The Government merely recognized the practical but not binding suspension of hostilities. It is as free to take another view upon the representation of the Minister of either power or of both powers. If, in May, 1868, the Spanish Minister, during the suspension of hostilities, said that there is nevertheless a state of war, and the Peruvian Minister in July, 1869, says also, during the same suspension, that there is war, why should not the United States say that war must be accepted as the situation, since both powers declare that, despite the suspension, there is war? And, war existing, our neutral duties are obvious; and the gun-boats must apparently be detained, unless it can be shown that they are merchandise not amenable to the laws of neutrality.

THE BATTLE OF THE SCHOOLS.

In a battle the great point is to choose your ground wisely, and then stand to your guns. This is what must be done in the battle that we must fight for the common school system in this country. Oddly enough, the country is so large and hospitable, offering a home to all people, and announcing a political principle which gives them all equal rights, that its perils spring from the multitudes it invites and the conditions upon which it prides itself. For instance, by our peculiar and peculiarly clumsy electoral system, two or three great States may elect a President. Of the chief of these great States the chief city is so populous as, politically, almost to control the State. The population of that city is largely composed of foreigners, and the worst part of the foreign-born population remains in it. This is subject to the control of a few demagogues; and thus again the power of an ignorant and unprincipled man in our politics is immense and incalculable.

The great remediable danger of this country, therefore, is ignorance. It is that which gives a demagogue his power. It is that which we must rout, or which will rout us. And this we can do only by a universal system of common schools. Their establishment and multiplication is a paramount duty of the nation, and one that it should not hesitate to discharge. Against the national will in this matter, the fixed resolution that every body shall be educated, no plea of State power, no ecclesiastical or sectarian sophistry, no mistaken religious zeal, should be suffered to stand for a moment. If Presbyterians, or Baptists, or Unitarians, or Methodists, or Roman Catholics, or Jews, or whatever religious body, wish to instruct children in their peculiar tenets, nobody bars the way: let them do as they choose. But as the State, as a political community, we have nothing to do with any religious tenets whatever; and as a State we mean to educate every body, not in religion, but in practical knowledge.

This is a hard saying for many good persons, but it is indispensably true. It is said that we are all Christians, that we agree in reverence for the Bible, and that the great general truths of religion are acceptable to all of us, of whatever sect. But this is not so. We do not agree in reverence for the Bible. The Jews are as honest as Christians; but their reverence for the New Testament is very different from the Christian reverence. Then an immense number of Christians in this city, for instance, do not consider the ordinary translation of the Bible a correct or safe one, and do not regard it as a book to be read without especial care and comment. Now, these Jews and these Christians are American citizens with all their rights, and they are, therefore, entitled to be defended in perfect religious equality and freedom. But they are not so, if they are made to pay taxes for schools in which their children, as they think, are exposed to sectarian influences. We must insist, therefore, that an obvious objection shall be removed.

But nobody should be deceived. The objective point of the hostility of the Roman Catholic priesthood is not the Bible in the schools, it is the schools. "A Catholic Priest" writes on the 25th of November to the Boston *Advertiser:* "Catholics would not be satisfied with the public schools even if the Protestant Bible and every vestige of religious teaching were banished from them......They will not be taxed either for educating the children of Protestants nor for having their own children educated in schools under Protestant control." They assert that all education which is not technically religious is irreligious; and they do not allow that there is any pure religion but that of their Church. Consequently, if you would not educate children to be atheists, they say, to their followers, you must not send them to the public schools; but you must insist upon our share of the public money for our schools.

Here, then, is the exact ground upon which to fight the battle. Don't leave them an honest sectarian objection. Free the schools of every thing against which this kind of opposition may be fairly urged, and then stand fast upon the principle that the public money shall not educate the people in the private religious faith of the teachers. The great duties of love to God and man, the beauty of holiness, the sweet magic of charity, all that is noblest in human aim and truest in human life, do not appear in a ceremonial and hollow reading of a chapter in the Bible; and it is not true that such a ceremony gives, as many suppose, a religious character to the school instruction. It does nothing whatever but furnish a weapon to the enemy, and to make the best of books a bore to every child.

That the better public opinion of the country is coming very rapidly to this conclusion is every where evident. Nor would there be any apprehension whatever of the result of the struggle at any point, if it were not for the fact that we stated in beginning, namely, the danger of ignorance. The Democratic chiefs count upon the support of the Roman Catholic population for reasons that are plain enough. The demand of that element of the party will presently be division of the public school money. The Democratic chiefs can not resist; and we shall thus have an organized political party working cautiously to that result. But let us understand exactly what the schools are and for what intended, and we need not fear the issue.

THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN.

The recent report upon the alleged mismanagement in the Methodist Book Concern is a striking illustration of what such a report ought not to be. It will be remembered that the substance of the charges which led to the investigation and report was, that there had been frauds in the purchase of paper and in the Bindery. The duty of the Committee, therefore, was to state facts and mention names. Frauds are not perpetrated without swindlers, and society is served, not by denouncing the frauds, but by exposing the swindlers. If, on the other hand, a transaction is irregular through misunderstanding, it is plainly unfair to post a person as a knave who is merely ignorant.

The Committee state, upon the first point, that the "Concern"—and a more awkward and ludicrous title for a great publishing house it would not be easy to find—has not seriously suffered by the manner in which paper and printing materials were bought. Now the word "serious" is a very elastic word. The facts are, as shown in the evidence, although no allusion is made to them by the Report, that the paper was bought for the "Concern" by a young man named Porter, the son of one of the principal managers. Two well-known houses in the paper trade testified that Mr. Porter received a commission of from 2 to 7 per cent. upon the value of the paper bought from them. During three years, from the transactions with these two houses alone, young Mr. Porter's commissions were more than $30,000. During ten years there would, therefore, at the same rate, be a certain loss to the "Concern" of $100,000 upon the business with these two houses. How much more there might have been in other dealings may be supposed. This, however, the Committee say, is not a "serious" loss. But it is a loss resulting from the conduct of one of the agents of the business, and is therefore not only a great loss, but a loss of the most serious character. The commissions, unless authorized by the managers—and this is not affirmed—were money taken from the treasury of the Methodist Book Concern. The Committee say that the Concern has not seriously suffered. Of course, then, they recommend that the system of commissions be continued.

The Committee further announce that in the Bindery there have been great mismanagement and serious losses. But they do not say what they are and from what they arise. The charge is that money was paid upon false invoices, and that the property of the "Concern" was sold by its workmen for their own benefit. This would seem to be the point upon which the Committee should have given information. But they prefer silence. What, then, is their report? It is this: that the printing material department is managed without "serious" loss, although a system of leakage is proved: that the Bindery is greatly mismanaged with various losses, and that the general management of the business does not involve the honesty of the managers. Then by the Committee's own showing it involves their capacity; and when they say that such management meets their own approval and commands public confidence, they humiliate themselves and insult the public. Suppose that the person who pays the clerical members of the Committee their salary should charge from two to seven per cent. commission upon the amount, would they think it a "serious" loss, or would the transaction command their hearty approval and confidence?

The effect of the Report has been to create a very general impression that the business of the "Concern" is sadly mismanaged; and that it should be thoroughly investigated. The members of the denomination who are contributing large or small sums to its general expenses, and all Methodists who have the denominational honor at heart, are interested that this matter should not end here.

SPECIE PAYMENTS.

It will be recollected that Mr. M'Culloch, in his annual report as Secretary of the Treasury in 1865, stated "that the legal-tender acts were war measures passed in a great emergency; that they should be regarded only as temporary; that they ought not to remain in force a day longer than would be necessary to enable the people to prepare for a return to the gold standard; and that the work of retiring the notes which had been issued should be commenced without delay, and carefully and persistently continued until all are retired."

The House of Representatives, on the 18th of December, 1865, passed the following resolution by a vote of 144 to 6: "*Resolved,* That this House cordially concurs in the views of the Secretary of the Treasury in relation to the necessity of a contraction of the currency, with a view to as early a resumption of specie payments as the business interests of the country will permit; and we hereby pledge co-operative action to this end as speedily as possible."

This resolution authorized no particular mode of contraction; and Congress, on the 12th of March, 1866, authorized the exchange of bonds for notes, but provided "that of United States notes not more than $10,000,000 should be retired and canceled within six months from the passage of the act, and thereafter not more than $4,000,000 should be retired in any one month."

Mr. M'Culloch, in pursuance of this authority, went on with the policy of contraction; but by reason of earnest complaints, chiefly from the West, Congress in January, 1868, passed an act declaring "that from and after its passage the authority of the Secretary of the Treasury to make any reduction of the currency, by retiring or canceling United States notes, shall be and is hereby suspended."

Mr. Boutwell finds himself wholly fettered by this clearly-expressed intention against contraction; and it will be necessary, before it can be resorted to anew, that Congress shall reverse its action, and confer the power.

As the opinion prevails in many quarters that Congress will soon take measures for a speedy return to specie payments—and as this belief, in conjunction with the policy pursued by the Treasury, is having effects of a momentous character upon the whole trading and producing interest—the question comes home to the business of every man, What will probably be done?

In answering this question the interests and purposes of the national banks need to be considered, as they have the most intimate relations with the business of the country. On the 23d of June, 1869, the National banks held a convention at the St. Nicholas Hotel, which was a complete representation of this powerful interest. Mr. E. G. Spaulding, the President of the Farmers' and Mechanics' National Bank of Buffalo, as temporary Chairman, addressed the Convention at length, declaring that the policy of selling gold adopted by the Treasury was a remove from specie payments, instead of an advance in that direction. "There is," he says, too great a disparity between the reserve of gold in the Treasury and the volume of greenbacks to be redeemed;" and adds, "Whether resumption takes place *in two, five, or ten years* a larger reserve of gold will be necessary, or the amount of greenbacks must be reduced."

Mr. Theodore M. Pomeroy, a Director of the First National Bank of Auburn, on being elected President of the Convention, addressed the body, declaring a readiness on the part of the banks to resume whenever the Government shall also resume; but he indicates no mode of proceeding to this end; on the contrary, he supports free banking, and the removal of the restriction upon circulation imposed by acts of Congress, on the ground that "the right to issue circulation to pass current as the representative of money, if granted to one should be open to all;" and on the further ground that it is the "merest speculation" to speculate on the subject whether or not the present circulation is more or less than the country demands. He thus closes his important speech: "This and other similar questions should be settled in conference by your Executive Committee, and *whatever legislation may be necessary will readily follow.*" A Committee of seventy-five was appointed, among other objects, "to give timely notice of any proposed legislation adverse to their interests," and the Convention adjourned, after creating a permanent general Committee of eleven members to manage its affairs.

The confidence expressed by Mr. Pomeroy is probably well-founded that the legislation of Congress, at least for some time to come, will conform to what shall be recommended in behalf of this powerful interest. Few, however, will expect any very prompt and effective measures from this quarter for returning to specie payments.

The fact is, that by reason of speculation on a large scale, and of the excess of our imports over our exports, adjusted for the present by sending our bonds to foreign countries, the difficulty in returning to specie payments is greater now than when Congress repealed in January, 1868, the law which permitted contraction.

In England specie payments are maintained because, in addition to the amount of the precious metals held by the Bank of England, a larger amount is in the pockets of the people, ready to be called on in case of emergency in banking. In lieu of this the pockets of our people are stuffed with notes down to the denomination of ten cents, while in England no notes are allowed under about twenty dollars. This wide difference in policy drives the precious metals away from the United States and encourages their accumulation in Great Britain.

We can not shut our eyes to the fact that contraction, attempted under more favorable circumstances as to debt than at present, was abandoned out of regard to the debtor interest; and as the indebtedness of individuals has been increased by speculation and extravagance, it is safe to assume that the same interest will be equally powerful over the ensuing Congress.

On looking back to the period of Mr. M'Culloch's recommendations, above referred to, it will not only appear that they were timely and sound, but it will be regarded as a misfortune that they were not firmly followed. But although contraction is the true road, the unfortunate tendency of our people to constant and heavy indebtedness makes it difficult.

The truth should be widely disseminated that, until we determine to persist in the policy of improving our circulating medium, there can be no recovery from the fluctuations in the price of products which constantly attends our system. When we get upon the solid ground of specie, we shall be able to compete with all nations, and secure an amount of prosperity known to no other portion of the globe.

HONOR AND MURDER.

The death of Mr. Richardson will again raise the question in the courts whether jealousy is a justification of homicide. The principle of civilized society is plain enough. It is, that a man must not assume to punish crimes upon his own responsibility. A savage scalps his foe whenever he can get at him. But civilization replaces individual vengeance by the forms of law. Yet there are certain circumstances under which it permits individual redress, such as personal assault or burglary. There are still other circumstances which have been tacitly held to justify such redress where there is no violent personal attack, but merely an offense against honor. The form this redress took was the duel. But Honor is a very elastic word, and may be used by scoundrels as well as by honorable men; and it consequently happened that, under the code of honor, an honorable man was at the mercy of any scoundrel or dead-shot who chose to throw a glass of wine in his face or to call him liar. So the duel, as essentially absurd and involving greater perils than it remedied, has been abolished by the growing good sense of civilization.

But there are still circumstances under which public opinion apparently justifies individual vengeance. Probably no jury in this country would convict a woman who should shoot the man who attempted her dishonor. It is doubtful if it would convict her of crime if she deliberately shot her seducer; although it might be very difficult to show that she had not consented. The reason of such a verdict would probably be found to be a vague, general impression that women are usually at a disadvantage, and that if the shooting was not exactly justified by the special testimony, it was venial upon general grounds. The same toleration is shown toward men who attack others whom they charge with offenses against their domestic happiness.

But this is a relic of sheer barbarism. If we justify a husband in killing a man whom he accuses of stealing his wife's affections, we must justify the wife in killing any woman whom she may accuse of being his paramour or of diverting his preference. Thus the most precious lives might be sacrificed to a whim of jealousy, or to a groundless suspicion. This justification of assaults, by what are called injured husbands, serves, however, to show how ingrained is the feeling that a man's wife is in some way his property. If a husband shoots the alleged seducer, or merely the guiltless confidant, of his wife, the public shrugs its shoulders, and remarks that the victim ought to have counted the cost. But if the wife should shoot a poor woman of the town because of her husband's offense, or any innocent woman whose society her husband sought, there would be immense consternation. And yet, is not the marriage vow equally binding upon husband and wife? If the husband may punish what he calls offenses against his honor, may not the wife avenge outrages upon her?

There is but one remedy, and that is to insist, by the conviction of plainly proved offenders, that offenses shall not be privately punished. If a man attacks you upon the highway, or breaks into your house, you will justifiably defend yourself by every practicable means. But to justify a deliberate attempt to murder, by a man's allegation that his honor has been assailed and his domestic peace disturbed, is to relax the very foundations of civilized society. If a wife's affections are alienated there is at least room for suspicion that the husband's conduct has not been such as to retain them. Certainly the common welfare demands that there be some better reason than "outraged honor" offered in extenuation of murder.

A PREMIUM UPON CRIME.

The most remarkable fact in regard to great robberies at this time is that the robbers are not punished, but the crime is compromised. To compromise with a thief is to give him half the booty, with a promise not to trouble him upon condition that he will return the other half. Sometimes a compromise is an arrangement by which the whole booty is returned as a condition of not prosecuting the thief. But a compromise is always a proceeding by which society suffers. It is lately announced that some merchants in New York, of what is called "respectable standing," are accused of swindling, and will be criminally prosecuted unless they consent to a compromise. Is there any good reason why this principle should not be carried further? Shall we not compromise with gentlemen of good standing accused of assault and battery, and consent not to prosecute if they will pay the doctor's bill for their victim? Cases of murder, indeed, would seem to be difficult, because the erring gentleman who did the deed could not recall the victim to life. But possibly some arrangement might be made by which he would consent not to destroy other people if he should be excused from responsibility for the accomplished fact. Indeed, the principle is susceptible of great breadth of application.

It is really becoming necessary to remember that cheating is cheating, however respectable "the standing" of the swindler, and that robbery is robbery, whatever may be the number of church pews owned by the robber.

It is no new thing for merchants of what is called respectable standing to defraud the Custom-house. Indeed, there is an old saying that all is fair in love, in politics, and at the Custom-house, and a man might hesitate to perjure himself in a court of law who would most glibly swear falsely to pass an invoice. But this is a dangerous kind of sophistry. All human transactions rest at last upon good faith, and confidence in real honor. When a man's oath is known to be a lie, there follows a profound disturbance of the foundations of society; for men can not be habitually false in one way without weakening their truthfulness in every way.

If it be true that certain merchants are implicated by evidence in dishonest transactions at the Custom-house, it is a thousandfold better that they be criminally prosecuted and tried and punished, if convicted, than that the United States should recover by compromise the money which the "respectable" merchants are said to have stolen. And if it should appear, upon such a trial, that the general feeling in regard to the oppression of tariffs, and to all Custom-house transactions, made it very doubtful whether a moral stigma could ever be attached to perjury and theft committed there, the cause of Free Trade would have acquired a prodigiously powerful ally, in the conviction that the Custom-house is more pernicious, as a source of the kind of immorality which is fatal to any people, than advantageous as a system of levying taxes. In any case it is worth while to try the experiment, and to ascertain whether a man's reputation would be injured by legal conviction of defrauding the Government at the Custom-house.

A CURIOUS INJUSTICE.

There is a good custom in Massachusetts by which the Governor at Thanksgiving pardons two convicts whose conduct during their term in the State prison has been most exemplary. This year the usual pardon was issued; but to the public astonishment, it appeared that the two men were not prisoners to whom pardon should be granted, but of whom it should be asked. For they were innocent persons unjustly convicted. The general feeling, of course, then was, that it was both an injustice to them and to two other well-deserving prisoners to release them only. They were entitled to their liberty. It was no grace of the government, but its plainest duty, to release them; and the spirit of the annual custom of pardon required that two justly convicted prisoners should be set free. No one, however, supposed that this was not as evident to the Governor and Council, and to the old and experienced warden of the State prison, as it was to every body else. But there was no explanation, and the whole affair seemed unintelligible.

At the end of a week, however, the warden, Mr. Haynes, wrote a letter detailing the facts. The two men were convicted of highway robbery upon the positive evidence of the man robbed. It was a case of mistaken identity. Upon entering the prison the men asserted their innocence, but that often happens. Recently, however, facts, unknown to the prisoners, were communicated to the warden proving their innocence. He, having no authority to release them, instantly laid them before the Governor and Council, who are the sole releasing power. But it was only on the day before Thanksgiving that the last documents in the case were received, and too late for the Council to examine the testimony in some other cases which the warden intended to propose for the usual pardon. Consequently the two innocent prisoners were released as pardoned; and the two others, who should have had the benefit of a pardon, will be detained in prison until Christmas. The warden adds that he agrees fully that the two men had a right to justice, and not to pardon; but that the Legislature had provided no other means than a pardon to reach such cases.

This is an injustice which the Legislature of Massachusetts should remedy at the very earliest moment. It should certainly provide that the Governor and Council may release an unjustly convicted person, with a public acknowledgment of the injustice done him, and with the gift of a sum of money large enough to be serviceable to a man so unhappily seized and so injuriously branded. But, in this instance, it would also seem to have been possible for the warden, who was convinced of the innocence of the prisoners in question, to have supplied, in time, to the Council, the evidence necessary for the release of two proper convicts. He would then have left with the Executive Chamber the responsibility of deciding whether the two customary pardons were exhausted in the case of the innocent men. But it is shameful to any honorable State that its only remedy for the enormous injury of the unjust imprisonment of a citizen is the obloquy of a pardon. It wrongly deprives him of liberty, and, by way of reparation, brands him forever as a pardoned criminal.

NOTES.

The *Delaware Gazette*, published at Wilmington, tells its readers all about *Harper's Weekly*. It is "unscrupulous and scurrilous." It is "a production of an inferior order of its kind." It is edited "with neither taste nor ability." Its contributors are persons "of shallow minds and commonplace talents." Its columns are, therefore, filled with "written and pictorial trash and clap-trap nonsense of the most ridiculous and sensational description." So much for us. And next, good readers, you catch it. You are "a class of illiterate or superficial persons, to whose uncultivated fancy and narrow prejudices it [the *Weekly*] panders and appeals." It seems, gentle readers, that you are also our victims. "Over these people"—that is you, illiterate and superficial multitude—"its corrupting influences are successful, and dangerously exercised." Why? Because you are more gratified "by adaptations to the eye and the passions of nature than by appeals to the reasoning faculties and the judgment of a well-balanced mind." Well, at least, the world has one comfort left. While *Harper's Weekly* thus "prostitutes" and "contaminates" and "warps" by "lying and blackguardly cartoons," and "inflames" to "amalgamation" and "miscegenation," there is still the Wilmington *Gazette* proudly surviving, as an inspiring example of "the judgment of a well-balanced mind."

The third volume of Francis Parkman's series of histories of the early settlement of the country is just published by Little, Brown, & Co.; and this time it is "The Discovery of the Great West." These volumes, as our readers know, or should know, form together a general history of "France and England in North America." It is a subject which Mr. Parkman has made as much his own as Motley the Dutch Republic or Macaulay the English Revolution. He is thorough master of his material, which is much scattered, and exists largely in manuscript; and his imagination, his picturesque narrative style, and his admirable perception of the true point of interest, give to his historical works a wonderful charm and symmetry. It is to the pages of Mr. Parkman that we must go for the American Indian. Cooper so bewitches our young fancies with Uncas and the red heroes that it is very difficult to divest our estimate of the Indian of a false and foolish glamour. Mr. Parkman, however, knows him by personal experience and long and thoughtful study. In the second volume of the series, "The Jesuits in North America," and in this last, "The Discovery of the Great West," he paints the Indian at full length, the most unromantic, the most cruel of human beings. And it is curious to observe that at their best the Indians are not interesting. We do not respect them, nor like them as much as we do noble animals. We follow their movements with a languid attention; but the moment Hennepin, or Marquette, or La Salle appears, we salute the hero of the scene. In "The Discovery of the Great West" there is not, of course, the same extraordinary story of human heroism as in the tragedy of the early Canadian Jesuits, which was told in the last volume. But there are equally graphic and admirable sketches of the Jesuit fathers who are more known to us, and a delightful, and we may say final, account of the discovery of the Mississippi River. Indeed, with singular tact Mr. Parkman gives us in his compact volumes about all that the reader cares to know of that period of our history; and his work, which is indispensable to complete knowledge of the settlement and civilization of the North American continent, is done in a way which assures his position among our historians.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Congress assembled on the 6th instant. The following new members were sworn in: Mr. S. S. Cox, of New York; Mr. George Brook, of Massachusetts; Mr. Beachard, of Illinois; and W. H. Barnum, of Connecticut.

The annual Report of Commissioner Delano for the year ending June 30, 1869, shows that the total receipts from Internal Revenue sources, exclusive of the direct tax upon lands and the duty upon the circulation and deposits of national banks, were, for the fiscal year, 1869, $160,039,344 29. This includes the sums refunded for taxes illegally assessed and collected, amounting to $360,236 12, nearly all of which was for taxes assessed and collected in previous years. The receipts for the current year are estimated at $175,000,000.

The Report of the Comptroller of the Currency gives the total number of national banks organized up to October, 1869, as 1694; the number in active operation, 1620. The total amount of notes of all denominations outstanding on the 30th of September, 1869, he gives as $299,789,055; adding to this for fragments of notes outstanding, lost or destroyed, portions of which have been redeemed, $840 45, and the total stands, $299,789,895 45.

In consequence of the abrogation of the Postal Convention between the United States and France, the exchange of United States mails with that country will cease on and after January 1, 1870. On letters for and from France, by steamers running direct, the American postage will be ten cents per single rate of half an ounce, to be prepaid when sent, and collected on delivery when received; on newspapers two cents each, and on books, etc., four cents for each four ounces. Letters only may be sent in the open mail for England without prepayment. Letters now sent "by French mail" to other countries can not be so sent after December 31.

A new Postal Convention has been agreed upon with Great Britain, by which the ocean postage between the United States and Great Britain is reduced to six cents, if paid in advance, with a fine of six cents added for non-prepayment, the arrangement to take effect January 1, 1870.

The public debt statement for November exhibits a decrease in the debt during that month of $7,571,452, and since the 1st of March of $71,903,524.

The coin in the Sub-Treasury, New York, has been counted. It amounts to $75,003,100.

Albert D. Richardson, who was shot by M'Farland in the *Tribune* office, on the evening of November 25, lingered until Thursday morning, December 2, when he expired. The day previous, perceiving that his end was approaching, he was married at his own request to Mrs. Sage (formerly Mrs. M'Farland). The ceremony was performed by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, assisted by Rev. Mr. Frothingham.

An affray among Democratic politicians occurred in a New York liquor saloon on the 3d inst., in which Florence Scannel, a candidate for Alderman, received a pistol-shot, which will disable him for life, and several others were badly injured.

A successful whisky raid on the illicit distilleries situated near the Navy-yard, in the Fifth Ward, Brooklyn, was made December 3 by the United States Regulars and a company of the Grand Army of the Republic, under the direction of General Pleasonton. Thirteen distilleries were broken up, and the material removed to the Navy-yard and stored. The expedition was attacked by the mob when retiring from the scene of action, and several persons were seriously injured.

The National Board of Trade met on the 1st inst. in the capitol at Richmond, Virginia.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The French Senate and Corps Legislatif were opened by the Emperor November 29. In his address he ascribed the political agitation of the past two months to the "subversive passions" and the "excesses of the press and of public assemblages," by which society was menaced and freedom compromised. France desires liberty and order; and while he asks the legislators to help him secure liberty, he will answer for the order. The suppression of slavery in the New World, the freeing of the Russian serfs, the Irish Church reform, the Œcumenical Council, the Pacific Railroad, the telegraph, the Mount Cenis Tunnel, and the Suez Canal, were alluded to as the triumphs of the epoch of which all have reason to be proud. In conclusion, he declared that there was to be a more direct participation of the nation in its own affairs, which would give a new force to the empire.

On the 3d inst. the Corps Legislatif was agitated by a demand from M. Rochefort that the National Guard be ordered to guard the hall of the Corps in future, for the protection of the members. Cheers and derisive cries followed, after the first burst of astonishment, from all parts of the hall. The Opposition applauded, but the majority protested against the demand and the favor with which it had been received. M. Guizot has written a letter to a member of the Corps Legislatif, in which he advises the members to support the Parliamentary Empire.

The difficulty arising out of the landing of the French telegraph cable on American shores has, according to a telegram from Paris, been adjusted in an amicable manner.

A Pre-Synodal Conference was held at Rome on the 3d inst., at which an allocution was delivered, and the officers of the Œcumenical Council took the official oaths.

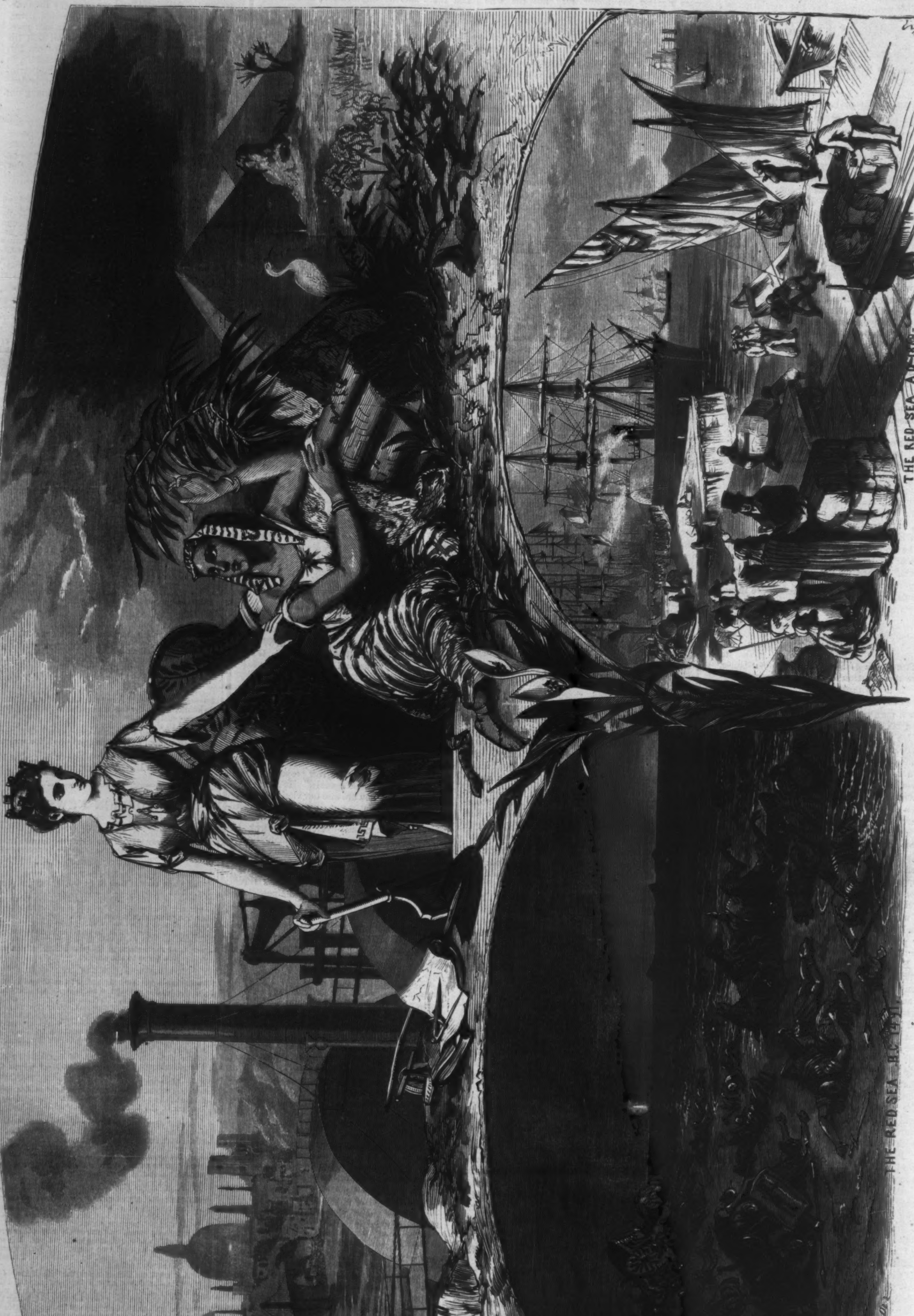
Carlist conspiracies have again been discovered in Spain, and measures have been taken to prevent a fresh outbreak. Several of the suppressed Republican journals in Madrid have been permitted to reappear, and the constitutional guarantees, suspended some time ago as a measure of public safety, have been restored. General Prim has stated in the Cortes that since the commencement of the Cuban rebellion fourteen vessels of war, including two iron-clads, had sailed for Cuba, transporting nearly 40,000 troops.

The reports of a want of harmony between the Chinese Government and Mr. Burlingame are officially denied. They are ascribed to persons in China who are opposed, on commercial and other grounds, to the policy of the Chinese Government. His mission will extend beyond two years. Mr. Burlingame was received on the 2d inst. by the King of Prussia, and presented his credentials.

A letter from Pekin states that the Chinese Government is anxious to have it clearly understood that Mr. Burlingame's treaty with this country has not been rejected, but action on it only deferred, it being thought best to wait until the results of the negotiations of the mission with other countries were received, when the whole subject might be disposed of at once.

The bark *Noel*, bound to Bombay, the first mercantile vessel to pass through the Suez Canal with a cargo, has been wrecked in the Red Sea, eighty six miles from the port of Suez.

The Viceroy of Egypt, it is said, has presented the Empress Eugénie, who has returned to Paris, a diamond diadem worth 6,000,000 of francs.


THE RED SEA A.D. 1869.
THE RED SEA B.C. 1491.
W L Sheppard Del

EGYPT AWAKENED.—Drawn by W. L. Sheppard.—[See Page 807.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

THE DEBT.

ARNOLD was the first who broke the silence.

"Is your father seriously ill?" he asked.

Geoffrey answered by handing him the card.

Sir Patrick, who had stood apart (while the question of Ratcatcher's relapse was under discussion) sardonically studying the manners and customs of modern English youth, now came forward, and took his part in the proceedings. Lady Lundie herself must have acknowledged that he spoke and acted as became the head of the family, on this occasion.

"Am I right in supposing that Mr. Delamayn's father is dangerously ill?" he asked, addressing himself to Arnold.

"Dangerously ill, in London," Arnold answered. "Geoffrey must leave Windygates with me. The train I am traveling by meets the train his brother is traveling by, at the junction. I shall leave him at the second station from here."

"Didn't you tell me that Lady Lundie was going to send you to the railway in a gig?"

"Yes."

"If the servant drives, there will be three of you—and there will be no room."

"We had better ask for some other vehicle," suggested Arnold.

Sir Patrick looked at his watch. There was no time to change the carriage. He turned to Geoffrey. "Can you drive, Mr. Delamayn?"

Still impenetrably silent, Geoffrey replied by a nod of the head.

Without noticing the unceremonious manner in which he had been answered, Sir Patrick went on:

"In that case, you can leave the gig in charge of the station-master. I'll tell the servant that he will not be wanted to drive."

"Let me save you the trouble, Sir Patrick," said Arnold.

Sir Patrick declined, by a gesture. He turned again, with undiminished courtesy, to Geoffrey. "It is one of the duties of hospitality, Mr. Delamayn, to hasten your departure, under these sad circumstances. Lady Lundie is engaged with her guests. I will see myself that there is no unnecessary delay in sending you to the station." He bowed—and left the summer-house.

Arnold said a word of sympathy to his friend, when they were alone.

"I am sorry for this, Geoffrey. I hope and trust you will get to London in time."

He stopped. There was something in Geoffrey's face—a strange mixture of doubt and bewilderment, of annoyance and hesitation—which was not to be accounted for as the natural result of the news that he had received. His color shifted and changed; he picked fretfully at his finger-nails; he looked at Arnold as if he was going to speak—and then looked away again, in silence.

"Is there something amiss, Geoffrey, besides this bad news about your father?" asked Arnold.

"I'm in the devil's own mess," was the answer.

"Can I do any thing to help you?"

Instead of making a direct reply, Geoffrey lifted his mighty hand, and gave Arnold a friendly slap on the shoulder which shook him from head to foot. Arnold steadied himself, and waited—wondering what was coming next.

"I say, old fellow!" said Geoffrey.

"Yes."

"Do you remember when the boat turned keel upward in Lisbon Harbor?"

Arnold started. If he could have called to mind his first interview in the summer-house with his father's old friend, he might have remembered Sir Patrick's prediction that he would sooner or later pay, with interest, the debt he owed to the man who had saved his life. As it was, his memory reverted at a bound to the time of the boat-accident. In the ardor of his gratitude and the innocence of his heart, he almost resented his friend's question as a reproach which he had not deserved.

"Do you think I can ever forget," he cried, warmly, "that you swam ashore with me and saved my life?"

Geoffrey ventured a step nearer to the object that he had in view.

"One good turn deserves another," he said, "don't it?"

Arnold took his hand. "Only tell me!" he eagerly rejoined—"only tell me what I can do!"

"You are going to-day to see your new place, ain't you?"

"Yes."

"Can you put off going till to-morrow?"

"If it's any thing serious—of course I can!"

Geoffrey looked round at the entrance to the summer-house, to make sure that they were alone.

"You know the governess here, don't you?" he said, in a whisper.

"Miss Silvester?"

"Yes. I've got into a little difficulty with Miss Silvester. And there isn't a living soul I can ask to help me but *you*."

"You know I will help you. What is it?"

"It isn't so easy to say. Never mind—you're no saint either, are you? You'll keep it a secret, of course? Look here! I've acted like an infernal fool. I've gone and got the girl into a scrape—"

Arnold drew back, suddenly understanding him.

"Good heavens, Geoffrey! You don't mean—"

"I do! Wait a bit—that's not the worst of it. She has left the house."

"Left the house?"

"Left, for good and all. She can't come back again."

"Why not?"

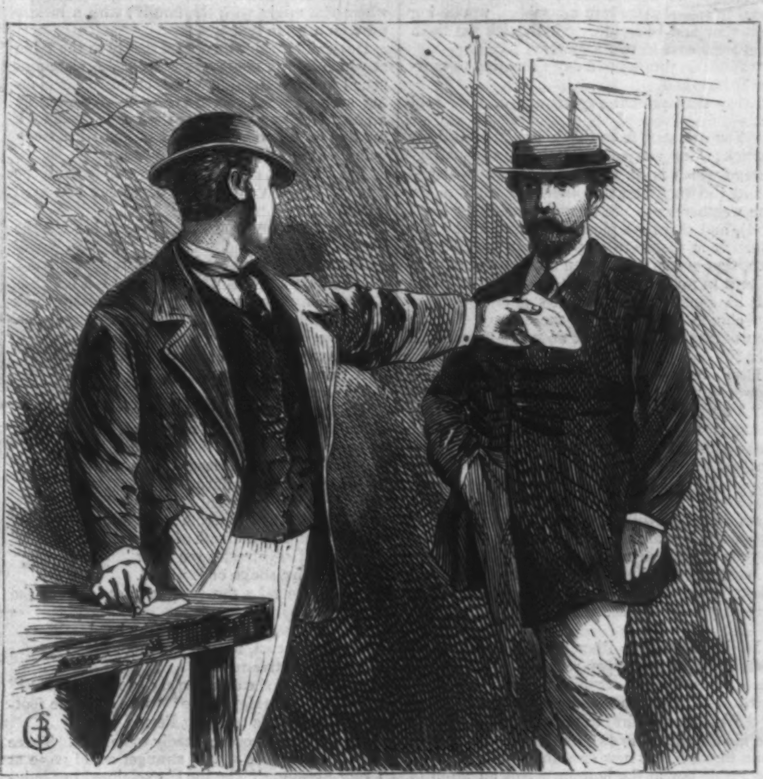
"Because she's written to her missus. Women (hang 'em!) never do these things by halves. She's left a letter to say she's privately married, and gone off to her husband. Her husband is—Me. Not that I'm married to her yet, you understand. I have only promised to marry her. She has gone on first (on the sly) to a place four miles from this. And we settled I was to follow, and marry her privately this afternoon. That's out of the question now. While she's expecting me at the inn I shall be bowling along to London. Somebody must tell her what has happened—or she'll play the devil, and the whole business will burst up. I can't trust any of the people here. I'm done for, old chap, unless you help me."

Arnold lifted his hands in dismay. "It's the most dreadful situation, Geoffrey, I ever heard of in my life!"

Geoffrey thoroughly agreed with him. "Enough to knock a man over," he said, "isn't it? I'd give something for a drink of beer." He produced his everlasting pipe, from sheer force of habit. "Got a match?" he asked.

Arnold's mind was too preoccupied to notice the question.

"I hope you won't think I'm making light of your father's illness," he said, earnestly. "But it seems to me—I must say it—it seems to me that the poor girl has the first claim on you."



"THAT WILL DO THE BUSINESS! READ IT YOURSELF, ARNOLD—IT'S NOT SO BADLY WRITTEN."

Geoffrey looked at him in surly amazement.

"The first claim on me? Do you think I'm going to risk being cut out of my father's will? Not for the best woman that ever put on a petticoat!"

Arnold's admiration of his friend was the solidly-founded admiration of many years; admiration for a man who could row, box, wrestle, jump—above all, who could swim—as few other men could perform those exercises in contemporary England. But that answer shook his faith. Only for the moment—unhappily for Arnold, only for the moment.

"You know best," he returned, a little coldly. "What can I do?"

Geoffrey took his arm—roughly, as he took every thing; but in a companionable and confidential way.

"Go, like a good fellow, and tell her what has happened. We'll start from here as if we were both going to the railway; and I'll drop you at the foot-path, in the gig. You can get on to your own place afterward by the evening train. It puts you to no inconvenience; and it's doing the kind thing by an old friend. There's no risk of being found out. I'm to drive, remember! There's no servant with us, old boy, to notice, and tell tales."

Even Arnold began to see dimly by this time that he was likely to pay his debt of obligation with interest—as Sir Patrick had foretold.

"What am I to say to her?" he asked. "I'm bound to do all I can do to help you, and I will. But what am I to say?"

It was a natural question to put. It was not an easy question to answer. What a man, under given muscular circumstances, could do, no person living knew better than Geoffrey Delamayn. Of what a man, under given social circumstances, could say, no person living knew less.

"Say?" he repeated. "Look here! say I'm half distracted, and all that. And—wait a bit—tell her to stop where she is till I write to her."

Arnold hesitated. Absolutely ignorant of that low and limited form of knowledge which is called "knowledge of the world," his inbred delicacy of mind revealed to him the serious difficulty of the position which his friend was asking him to occupy as plainly as if he was looking at it through the warily-gathered experience of society of a man of twice his age.

"Can't you write to her now, Geoffrey?" he asked.

"What's the good of that?"

"Consider for a minute, and you will see. You have trusted me with a very awkward secret. I may be wrong—I never was mixed up in such a matter before—but to present myself to this lady as your messenger seems exposing her to a dreadful humiliation. Am I to go and tell her to her face: 'I know what you are hiding from the knowledge of all the world;' and is she to be expected to endure it?"

"Bosh!" said Geoffrey. "They can endure a deal more than you think for. I wish you had heard how she bullied me, in this very place. My good fellow, you don't understand women. The grand secret, in dealing with a woman, is to take her as you take a cat, by the scruff of the neck—"

"I can't face her—unless you will help me by breaking the thing to her first. I'll stick at no sacrifice to serve you; but—hang it!—make allowances, Geoffrey, for the difficulty you are putting me in. I am almost a stranger; I don't know how Miss Silvester may receive me, before I can open my lips."

Those last words touched the question on its practical side. The matter-of-fact view of the difficulty was a view which Geoffrey instantly recognized and understood.

"She has the devil's own temper," he said. "There's no denying that. Perhaps I'd better write. Have we time to go into the house?"

"No. The house is full of people, and we haven't a minute to spare. Write at once, and write here. I have got a pencil."

"What am I to write on?"

"Any thing—your brother's card."

Geoffrey took the pencil which Arnold offered to him, and looked at the card. The lines his brother had written covered it. There was no room left. He felt in his pocket, and produced a letter—the letter which Anne had referred to at the interview between them; the letter which she had written to insist on his attending the lawn-party at Windygates.

"This will do," he said. "It's one of Anne's own letters to me. There's room on the fourth page. If I write," he added, turning suddenly on Arnold, "you promise to take it to her? Your hand on the bargain!"

He held out the hand which had saved Arnold's life in Lisbon Harbor, and received Arnold's promise, in remembrance of that time.

"All right, old fellow. I can tell you how to find the place as we go along in the gig. By-the-by, there's one thing that's rather important. I'd better mention it while I think of it."

"What is that?"

"You mustn't present yourself at the inn in your own name; and you mustn't ask for her by *her* name."

"Who am I to ask for?"

"It's a little awkward. She has gone there as a married woman, in case they're particular about taking her in—"

"I understand. Go on."

"And she has planned to tell them (by way of making it all right and straight for both of us, you know) that she expects her husband to join her. If I had been able to go I should have asked at the door for 'my wife.' You are going in my place—"

"And I must ask at the door for 'my wife,' or I shall expose Miss Silvester to unpleasant consequences?"

"You don't object?"

"Not I! I don't care what I say to the people of the inn. It's the meeting with Miss Silvester that I'm afraid of."

"I'll put that right for you—never fear!"

He went at once to the table and rapidly scribbled a few lines—then stopped and considered. "Will that do?" he asked himself. "No; I'd better say something spooney to quiet her." He considered again, added a line, and brought his hand down on the table with a cheery smack. "That will do the business! Read it yourself, Arnold—it's not so badly written."

Arnold read the note without appearing to share his friend's favorable opinion of it.

"This is rather short," he said.

"Have I time to make it longer?"

"Perhaps not. But let Miss Silvester see for herself that you have no time to make it longer. The train starts in less than half an hour. Put the time."

"Oh, all right! and the date too, if you like."

He had just added the desired words and figures, and had given the revised letter to Arnold, when Sir Patrick returned to announce that the gig was waiting.

"Come!" he said. "You haven't a moment to lose!"

Geoffrey started to his feet. Arnold hesitated.

"I must see Blanche!" he pleaded. "I can't leave Blanche without saying good-by. Where is she?"

Sir Patrick pointed to the steps, with a smile. Blanche had followed him from the house. Arnold ran out to her instantly.

"Going?" she said, a little sadly.

"I shall be back in two days," Arnold whispered. "It's all right! Sir Patrick consents."

She held him fast by the arm. The hurried parting before other people seemed to be not a parting to Blanche's taste.

"You will lose the train!" cried Sir Patrick.

Geoffrey seized Arnold by the arm which Blanche was holding, and tore him—literally tore him—away. The two were out of sight, in the shrubbery, before Blanche's indignation found words, and addressed itself to her uncle.

"Why is that brute going away with Mr. Brinkworth?" she asked.

"Mr. Delamayn is called to London by his father's illness," replied Sir Patrick. "You don't like him?"

"I hate him!"

Sir Patrick reflected a little.

"She is a young girl of eighteen," he thought to himself. "And I am an old man of seventy. Curious, that we should agree about any thing. More than curious that we should agree in disliking Mr. Delamayn."

He roused himself, and looked again at Blanche. She was seated at the table, with her head on her hand; absent, and out of spirits—thinking of Arnold, and yet, with the future all smooth before them, not thinking happily.

"Why, Blanche! Blanche!" cried Sir Patrick, "one would think he had gone for a voyage round the world. You silly child! he will be back again the day after to-morrow."

"I wish he hadn't gone with that man!" said Blanche. "I wish he hadn't got that man for a friend!"

"There! there! the man was rude enough, I own. Never mind! he will leave the man at the second station. Come back to the ball-room with me. Dance it off, my dear—dance it off!"

"No," returned Blanche. "I'm in no humor for dancing. I shall go up stairs, and talk about it to Anne."

"You will do nothing of the sort!" said a third voice, suddenly joining in the conversation.

Both uncle and niece looked up, and found Lady Lundie at the top of the summer-house steps.

"I forbid you to mention that woman's name again in my hearing," pursued her ladyship. "Sir Patrick! I warned you (if you remember?) that the matter of the governess was not a matter to be trifled with. My worst anticipations are realized. Miss Silvester has left the house!"

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

THE SCANDAL.

IT was still early in the afternoon when the guests at Lady Lundie's lawn-party began to compare notes together in corners, and to agree in arriving at a general conviction that "something was wrong."

Blanche had mysteriously disappeared from her partners in the dance. Lady Lundie had mysteriously abandoned her guests. Blanche had not come back. Lady Lundie had returned with an artificial smile, and a preoccupied manner. She acknowledged that she was "not very well." The same excuse had been given to account for Blanche's absence—and, again (some time previously), to explain Miss Silvester's withdrawal from the croquet! A wit among the gentlemen declared it reminded him of declining a verb. "I am not very well; thou art not very well; she is not very well"—and so on. Sir Patrick too! Only think of the sociable Sir Patrick being in a state of seclusion—hobbling up and down by himself in the loneliest part of the garden. And the servants again! it had even spread to the servants! *They* were presuming to whisper in corners, like their betters. The house-maids appeared, spasmodically, where house-maids had no business to be. Doors banged and petticoats whisked in the upper regions. Something wrong

—depend upon it, something wrong! "We had much better go away. My dear, order the carriage."—"Louisa, love, no more dancing; your papa is going."—"*Good*-afternoon, Lady Lundie!"—"Haw! thanks very much!"—"*So* sorry for dear Blanche!"—"Oh, it's been *too* charming!" So Society jabbered its poor, nonsensical little jargon, and got itself politely out of the way before the storm came.

This was exactly the consummation of events for which Sir Patrick had been waiting in the seclusion of the garden.

There was no evading the responsibility which was now thrust upon him. Lady Lundie had announced it as a settled resolution, on her part, to trace Anne to the place in which she had taken refuge, and discover (purely in the interests of virtue) whether she actually was married or not. Blanche (already overwrought by the excitement of the day) had broken into an hysterical passion of tears on hearing the news, and had then, on recovering, taken a view of her own of Anne's flight from the house. Anne would never have kept her marriage a secret from Blanche; Anne would never have written such a formal farewell letter as she had written to Blanche—if things were going as smoothly with her as she was trying to make them believe at Windygates. Some dreadful trouble had fallen on Anne—and Blanche was determined (as Lady Lundie was determined) to find out where she had gone, and to follow, and help her.

It was plain to Sir Patrick (to whom both ladies had opened their hearts, at separate interviews) that his sister-in-law, in one way, and his niece in another, were equally likely—if not duly restrained—to plunge headlong into acts of indiscretion which might lead to very undesirable results. A man in authority was sorely needed at Windygates that afternoon—and Sir Patrick was fain to acknowledge that he was the man.

"Much is to be said for, and much is to be said against, a single life," thought the old gentleman, hobbling up and down the sequestered garden-path to which he had retired, and applying himself at shorter intervals than usual to the knob of his ivory cane. "This, however, is, I take it, certain. A man's married friends can't prevent him from leading the life of a bachelor, if he pleases. But they can, and do, take devilish good care that he sha'n't enjoy it!"

Sir Patrick's meditations were interrupted by the appearance of a servant, previously instructed to keep him informed of the progress of events at the house.

"They're all gone, Sir Patrick," said the man.

"That's a comfort, Simpson. We have no visitors to deal with now, except the visitors who are staying in the house?"

"None, Sir Patrick."

"They're all gentlemen, are they not?"

"Yes, Sir Patrick."

"That's another comfort, Simpson. Very good. I'll see Lady Lundie first."

Does any other form of human resolution approach the firmness of a woman who is bent on discovering the frailties of another woman whom she hates? You may move rocks, under a given set of circumstances. But here is a delicate being in petticoats, who shrieks if a spider drops on her neck, and shudders if you approach her after having eaten an onion. Can you move *her*, under a given set of circumstances, as set forth above? Not you!

Sir Patrick found her ladyship instituting her inquiries on the same admirably exhaustive system which is pursued, in cases of disappearance, by the police. Who was the last witness who had seen the missing person? Who was the last servant who had seen Anne Silvester? Begin with the men-servants, from the butler at the top to the stable-boy at the bottom. Go on with the women-servants, from the cook in all her glory to the small female child who weeds the garden. Lady Lundie had cross-examined her way downward as far as the page, when Sir Patrick joined her.

"My dear lady! pardon me for reminding you again, that this is a free country, and that you have no claim whatever to investigate Miss Silvester's proceedings after she has left your house."

Lady Lundie raised her eyes, devotionally, to the ceiling. She looked like a martyr to duty. If you had seen her ladyship at that moment, you would have said yourself, "A martyr to duty."

"No, Sir Patrick! As a Christian woman, that is not *my* way of looking at it. This unhappy person has lived under my roof. This unhappy person has been the companion of Blanche. I am responsible—I am, in a manner, morally responsible. I would give the world to be able to dismiss it as you do. But no! I must be satisfied that she *is* married. In the interests of propriety. For the quieting of my own conscience. Before I lay my head on my pillow to-night, Sir Patrick—before I lay my head on my pillow to-night!"

"One word, Lady Lundie—"

"No!" repeated her ladyship, with the most pathetic gentleness. "You are right, I dare say, from the worldly point of view. I can't take the worldly point of view. The worldly point of view hurts me." She turned, with impressive gravity, to the page. "You know where you will go, Jonathan, if you tell lies!"

Jonathan was lazy, Jonathan was pimply, Jonathan was fat—*but* Jonathan was orthodox. He answered that he did know; and, what is more, he mentioned the place.

Sir Patrick saw that further opposition on his part, at that moment, would be worse than useless. He wisely determined to wait, before he interfered again, until Lady Lundie had thoroughly exhausted herself and her inquiries. At the same time—as it was impossible, in the present state of her ladyship's temper, to provide against what might happen if the inquiries after Anne unluckily proved successful—he decided on taking measures to clear the house of the guests (in the interests of all parties) for the next four-and-twenty hours.

"I only want to ask you a question, Lady Lundie, he resumed. "The position of the gentlemen who are staying here is not a very pleasant one while all this is going on. If you had been content to let the matter pass without notice, we should have done very well. As things are, don't you think it will be more convenient to every body if I relieve you of the responsibility of entertaining your guests?"

"As head of the family?" stipulated Lady Lundie.

"As head of the family!" answered Sir Patrick.

"I gratefully accept the proposal," said Lady Lundie.

"I beg you won't mention it," rejoined Sir Patrick.

He quitted the room, leaving Jonathan under examination. He and his brother (the late Sir Thomas) had chosen widely different paths in life, and had seen but little of each other since the time when they had been boys. Sir Patrick's recollections (on leaving Lady Lundie) appeared to have taken him back to that time, and to have inspired him with a certain tenderness for his brother's memory. He shook his head, and sighed a sad little sigh. "Poor Tom!" he said to himself, softly, after he had shut the door on his brother's widow. "Poor Tom!"

On crossing the hall, he stopped the first servant he met, to inquire after Blanche. Miss Blanche was quiet, up stairs, closeted with her maid in her own room. "Quiet?" thought Sir Patrick. "That's a bad sign. I shall hear more of my niece."

Pending that event, the next thing to do was to find the guests. Unerring instinct led Sir Patrick to the billiard-room. There he found them, in solemn conclave assembled, wondering what they had better do. Sir Patrick put them all at their ease in two minutes.

"What do you say to a day's shooting to-morrow?" he asked.

Every man present—sportsman or not—said yes.

"You can start from this house," pursued Sir Patrick; "or you can start from a shooting-cottage which is on the Windygates property—among the woods, on the other side of the moor. The weather looks pretty well settled (for Scotland), and there are plenty of horses in the stables. It is useless to conceal from you, gentlemen, that events have taken a certain unexpected turn in my sister-in-law's family circle. You will be equally Lady Lundie's guests, whether you choose the cottage or the house. For the next twenty-four hours (let us say)—which shall it be?"

Every body—with or without rheumatism—answered "the cottage!"

"Very good," pursued Sir Patrick. "It is arranged to ride over to the shooting-cottage this evening, and to try the moor, on that side, the first thing in the morning. If events here will allow me, I shall be delighted to accompany you, and do the honors as well as I can. If not, I am sure you will accept my apologies for to-night, and permit Lady Lundie's steward to see to your comfort in my place."

Adopted unanimously. Sir Patrick left the guests to their billiards, and went out to give the necessary orders at the stables.

In the mean time Blanche remained portentously quiet in the upper regions of the house; while Lady Lundie steadily pursued her inquiries down stairs. She got on from Jonathan (last of the males, indoors) to the coachman (first of the males, out-of-doors), and dug down, man by man, through that new stratum, until she struck the stable-boy at the bottom. Not an atom of information having been extracted, in the house or out of the house, from man or boy, her ladyship fell back on the women next. She pulled the bell, and summoned the cook—Hester Dethridge.

A very remarkable-looking person entered the room.

Elderly and quiet; scrupulously clean; eminently respectable; her gray hair neat and smooth under her modest white cap, her eyes, set deep in their orbits, looking straight at any person who spoke to her—here, at a first view, was a steady, trustworthy woman. Here also, on closer inspection, was a woman with the seal of some terrible past suffering set on her for the rest of her life. You felt it, rather than saw it, in the look of immovable endurance which underlaid her expression—in the death-like tranquillity which never disappeared from her manner. Her story was a sad one—so far as it was known. She had entered Lady Lundie's service at the period of Lady Lundie's marriage to Sir Thomas. Her character (given by the clergyman of her parish) described her as having been married to an inveterate drunkard, and as having suffered unutterably during her husband's lifetime. There were drawbacks to engaging her, now that she was a widow. On one of the many occasions on which her husband had personally ill-treated her, he had struck her a blow which had produced very remarkable nervous results. She had lain insensible many days together, and had recovered with the total loss of her speech. In addition to this objection, she was odd, at times, in her manner; and she made it a condition of accepting any situation, that she should be privileged to sleep in a room by herself. As a set-off against all this, it was to be said, on the other side of the question, that she was sober; rigidly honest in all her dealings; and one of the best cooks in England. In consideration of this last merit, the late Sir Thomas had decided on giving her a trial, and had discovered that he had never dined in his life as he dined when Hester Dethridge was at the head of his kitchen. She remained, after his death, in his widow's service. Lady Lundie was far from liking her. An unpleasant suspicion attached to the cook, which Sir Thomas had overlooked, but which persons less sensible of the immense importance of dining well could not fail to regard as a serious objection to her. Medical men, consulted about her case, discovered certain physiological anomalies in it which led them to suspect the woman of feigning dumbness, for some reason best known to herself. She obstinately declined to learn the deaf and dumb alphabet—on the ground that dumbness was not associated with deafness in her case. Stratagems were invented (seeing that she really did possess the use of her ears) to entrap her into also using her speech, and failed. Efforts were made to induce her to answer questions relating to her past life in her husband's time. She flatly declined to reply to them, one and all. At certain intervals, strange impulses to get a holiday away from the house appeared to seize her. If she was resisted, she passively declined to do her work. If she was threatened with dismissal, she impenetrably bowed her head, as much as to say, "Give me the word, and I go." Over and over again, Lady Lundie had decided, naturally enough, on no longer keeping such a servant as this; but she had never yet carried the decision to execution. A cook who is a perfect mistress of her art, who asks for no perquisites, who allows no waste, who never quarrels with the other servants, who drinks nothing stronger than tea, who is to be trusted with untold gold—is not a cook easily replaced. In this mortal life we put up with many persons and things, as Lady Lundie put up with her cook. The woman lived, as it were, on the brink of dismissal; but thus far the woman kept her place—getting her holidays when she asked for them (which, to do her justice, was not often), and sleeping always (go where she might with the family) with a locked door, in a room by herself.

Hester Dethridge advanced slowly to the table at which Lady Lundie was sitting. A slate and pencil hung at her side, which she used for making such replies as were not to be expressed by a gesture or by a motion of the head. She took up the slate and pencil, and waited with stony submission for her mistress to begin.

Lady Lundie opened the proceedings with the regular formula of inquiry which she had used with all the other servants.

"Do you know that Miss Silvester has left the house?"

The cook nodded her head affirmatively.

"Do you know at what time she left it?"

Another affirmative reply. The first which Lady Lundie had received to that question yet. She eagerly went on to the next inquiry.

"Have you seen her since she left the house?"

A third affirmative reply.

"Where?"

Hester Dethridge wrote slowly on the slate, in singularly firm upright characters for a woman in her position of life, these words:

"On the road that leads to the railway. Nigh to Mistress Chew's Farm."

"What did you want at Chew's Farm?"

Hester Dethridge wrote: "I wanted eggs for the kitchen, and a breath of fresh air for myself."

"Did Miss Silvester see you?"

A negative shake of the head.

"Did she take the turning that leads to the railway?"

Another negative shake of the head.

"She went on, toward the moor?"

An affirmative reply.

"What did she do when she got to the moor?"

Hester Dethridge wrote: "She took the footpath which leads to Craig Fernie."

Lady Lundie rose excitedly to her feet. There was but one place that a stranger could go to at Craig Fernie. "The inn!" exclaimed her ladyship. "She has gone to the inn!"

Hester Dethridge waited immovably. Lady Lundie put a last precautionary question, in these words:

"Have you reported what you have seen to any body else?"

An affirmative reply. Lady Lundie had not bargained for that. Hester Dethridge (she thought) must surely have misunderstood her.

"Do you mean that you have told somebody else what you have just told me?"

Another affirmative reply.

"A person who questioned you, as I have done?"

A third affirmative reply.

"Who was it?"

Hester Dethridge wrote on her slate: "Miss Blanche."

Lady Lundie stepped back, staggered by the discovery that Blanche's resolution to trace Anne Silvester was, to all appearance, as firmly settled as her own. Her step-daughter was keeping her own counsel, and acting on her own responsibility—her step-daughter might be an awkward obstacle in the way. The manner in which Anne had left the house had mortally offended Lady Lundie. An inveterately vindictive woman, she had resolved to discover whatever compromising elements might exist in the governess's secret, and to make them public property (from a paramount sense of duty, of course) among her own circle of friends. But to do this—with Blanche acting (as might certainly be anticipated) in direct opposition to her, and openly espousing Miss Silvester's interests—was manifestly impossible.

The first thing to be done—and that instantly—was to inform Blanche that she was discovered, and to forbid her to stir in the matter.

Lady Lundie rang the bell twice—thus intimating, according to the laws of the household, that she required the attendance of her own maid. She then turned to the cook—still waiting her pleasure, with stony composure, slate in hand.

"You have done wrong," said her ladyship, severely. "I am your mistress. You are bound to answer your mistress—"

Hester Dethridge bowed her head, in icy acknowledgment of the principle laid down—so far.

The bow was an interruption. Lady Lundie resented it.

"But Miss Blanche is *not* your mistress," she went on, sternly. "You are very much to blame for answering Miss Blanche's inquiries about Miss Silvester."

Hester Dethridge, perfectly unmoved, wrote her justification on her slate, in two stiff sentences: "I had no orders *not* to answer. I keep nobody's secrets but my own."

That reply settled the question of the cook's dismissal—the question which had been pending for months past.

"You are an insolent woman! I have borne with you long enough—I will bear with you no longer. When your month is up, you go!"

In those words Lady Lundie dismissed Hester Dethridge from her service.

Not the slightest change passed over the sinister tranquillity of the cook. She bowed her head again, in acknowledgment of the sentence pronounced on her—dropped her slate at her side—turned about—and left the room. The woman was alive in the world, and working in the world; and yet (so far as all human interests were concerned) she was as completely out of the world as if she had been screwed down in her coffin, and laid in her grave.

Lady Lundie's maid came into the room as Hester left it.

"Go up stairs to Miss Blanche," said her mistress, "and say I want her here. Wait a minute!" She paused, and considered. Blanche might decline to submit to her step-mother's interference with her. It might be necessary to appeal to the higher authority of her guardian. "Do you know where Sir Patrick is?" asked Lady Lundie.

"I heard Simpson say, my lady, that Sir Patrick was at the stables."

"Send Simpson with a message. My compliments to Sir Patrick—and I wish to see him immediately."

* * * * * *

The preparations for the departure to the shooting-cottage were just completed; and the one question that remained to be settled was, whether Sir Patrick could accompany the party—when the man-servant appeared with the message from his mistress.

"Will you give me a quarter of an hour, gentlemen?" asked Sir Patrick. "In that time I shall know for certain whether I can go with you or not."

As a matter of course, the guests decided to wait. The younger men among them (being Englishmen) naturally occupied their leisure time in betting. Would Sir Patrick get the better of the domestic crisis? or would the domestic crisis get the better of Sir Patrick? The domestic crisis was backed, at two to one, to win.

Punctually at the expiration of the quarter of an hour, Sir Patrick reappeared. The domestic crisis had betrayed the blind confidence which youth and inexperience had placed in it. Sir Patrick had won the day.

"Things are settled and quiet, gentlemen; and I am able to accompany you," he said. "There are two ways to the shooting-cottage. One—the longest—passes by the inn at Craig Fernie. I am compelled to ask you to go with me by that way. While you push on to the cottage, I must drop behind, and say a word to a person who is staying at the inn."

He had quieted Lady Lundie—he had even quieted Blanche. But it was evidently on the condition that he was to go to Craig Fernie in their places, and to see Anne Silvester himself. Without a word more of explanation he mounted his horse, and led the way out. The shooting-party left Windygates.

ON THE ROCKS.

The old horse, dragging the old wagon, pursued his way at a melancholy jog-trot through the woods. His equine soul was bitter within him. This was the twenty-first time within a fortnight that he had passed over that very road. He hated—as a horse may—the summer season, the summer tourists, and this pestilent habit of a daily picnic, which had taken possession of "the Quintette." But what could he do? He was too weary and ill-fed to run away. Nothing better occurred to him than to doggedly resolve not to go faster, and to this determination he adhered—come what might.

Four only of "the Quintette" occupied the wagon. Laurence, whip in hand, was perched in front, his legs dangling over the traces. He was wont to boast a little of his skill in keeping Dolly up to her work; but to-day his artistic snappings and cuttings were all in vain. Mab and Amy, dividing the responsibility of the reins, came next; and behind, on the back seat, sat Hilda—alone.

This was something so out of the common order of things that all had taken notice of it in their own fashion. Laurence had attempted a trifling joke or two, received in stony silence, and now the girls were twisting their heads round every minute, on various pretexts, to study Hilda's face. It was no use. The face looked a little pale, but quite unreadable. She joined in the talk now and then—perhaps as often as usual—but her voice lacked its usual ring, and a silent conviction that matters were going wrong took possession of the party.

"There's the Doctor now," cried Laurence, suddenly, in a tone of relief.

"Where? I don't see him."

"Up that path to the right—just coming out of a gate. Where are your eyes, child?"

"Oh yes—stop, Laurence—he's coming to meet us."

Dr. Sterling emerged from the woods and approached them. A strong active figure—not very tall, but with something of a military bearing in the square shoulders and about the well-set head. Cool gray eyes, too, and a firm mouth, as of one accustomed to command.

"Doctor, won't you get in now and ride the rest of the way?"

The Doctor took one look at Hilda before answering. Her face was averted; but the profile, with its drooped eyelids and compressed lips, looked cold and uninviting.

"Thank you; no, Miss Amy. Dolly has a sufficient load, I think. I prefer to walk;" and with a slight, general bow the alert figure moved on, outstripping Dolly in a moment, and vanished round a curve. Laurence tried a fresh series of persuasions upon the luckless Dolly, but without avail, and a damp seemed to fall on the spirits of the party.

"What does it mean?" whispered little Mab A shake of the head and a grim little *moue* was the only reply she got. Amy didn't know—nobody knew—what it was that, happening on the beach that morning, had made Hilda and the Doctor so unlike themselves.

Nobody ever can know but the parties most concerned the intricacies of a lovers' quarrel. It springs up, rapid as a thunder-gust, from some cause, absurdly small perhaps—a trifle, easy to pass over in the case of an indifferent person, but possessed suddenly of momentous importance in this. The two natures, all charged with electrical perceptions; thrilling with newly-found capacities, affinities, wishes; bewildered with the new Heaven and new Earth upon which they have entered; groping, as in the dark, to find out the whole of each other—of themselves; the whole world tremulous with fresh mysterious meaning—what wonder if in this wonderful, half-discovered realm they sometimes come together with a clash, and that clash strikes fire! To those who stand pledged heart to heart these storms may come and pass, leaving the air freer and the sky more blue. But Hilda and her lover had not reached that stage. Little by little they had drawn close to each other. The silent, drifting chain of circumstances, which seem in this world to make us their sport—now uniting, now separating—had in this case been favorable. No contrary eddy had set in—the winds blew softly. All this halcyon fortnight they had neared each other with rapid progress. Each day, with its radiance of peace and pleasure, had woven a more assured spell over their hearts. And yet this morning a storm-wind had begun, and it might go on to blow and tear asunder the two lives which seemed so nearly one.

"A trifle light as air." Yet here was the Doctor, far on his way to "The Head," chewing the cud of bitter fancies, and shattering the bushes with quick, impatient cuts from his cane as he passed; and here was Hilda sulking in the back seat of the wagon.

No; I beg Hilda's pardon. It was not sulks—her nature was too fine for that. Poor child! she felt all turned cold within—all but her heart—that ached pitifully. She was too proud to show it, however, and so her fair, clearly-cut face looked hard and set.

The road ran through fragrant thickets of arbor-vitæ and juniper. Overhead the intense sky looked through the tree-tops. Cat-birds and robins were singing—it was a day for happiness; but dear me! how little she cared! How little any of us care about such things when we happen to be miserable!

And now the woods were passed, and they came out upon a sparkling little cove fringed with a line of creamy foam. To the right was a field of yellow grain which swept its waving tassels up the sides of a vast rocky headland; beyond and beyond that, encircling every thing, was a ring of waveless turquoise, whose horizon line rose and met the curving dip of another sea, whose azure was flecked with clouds of gold and snow-like bright islands. The serenity, the perfection of color, the softness of the wind which met their faces, gave no token of the might that lurked within this beauty; but the deep, low thunder of the surf upon the far-away cliff spoke of the force with which, even on the calmest days, the water threw itself upon the land. What a storm might be upon "The Head" very few people had ever cared to experience.

A fisherman's hut stood at the entrance of the little cove. Children were playing about it, and in the doorway stood a tall old woman—their grandmother.

All of them knew her, and they stopped to speak. The stern face softened at the courteous greeting and the sweet young faces.

"Come in, won't you?" she said. "And have some blueberries and milk."

"Oh, thank you; but I guess not, Mrs. Judson. We are in a hurry to get to the rocks. The surf is so fine to-day, and the tide changes in an hour or two. We're very much obliged to you, though."

"Just as you like."

At the fence the Doctor stood, with a bar down, to help them over. A spray of wild roses was in his hand. He glanced at Hilda as she passed, and handed the flowers to Mab.

"Thank you," said Mab, a little frightened; and she made haste up the hill after her familiar Kate. She had a feeling as if the roses burned her fingers. This was little Mab's first experience of a love affair. She had watched it with intense interest—the apparent hitch grieved her not a little.

"What can we do about it, Amy?" she whispered, as they panted up the hill. "It is so forlorn and strange. Can't we do any thing?"

"Nothing at all. Just act as if every thing was as usual; perhaps it will all come right yet. Any way, it will get worse and worse if we take notice."

Amy sighed as she spoke. She, too, had invested a deal of tender sympathy in Hilda's romance, and she had experience enough to know the mischief small misunderstandings make. Those "little rifts within the lute"—what sweet music they have silenced!

Hilda and the two young men walked side by side without speaking. What help she needed in the climb she accepted from Laurence. It was a hard scramble up the steep hill, with its gnarled tree-roots and its slippery mosses and lichens; but a harder still on the other side, where the jagged granite boulders fronted the sea. Lifted and jumped, and swung from rock to rock, the girls made the descent and reached at last their bourne, a flat, broad platform just above the water. It exactly held the party, and here they had spent many a happy morning during this eventful fortnight.

Directly opposite was a low, cavernous opening in the hollow cliff. Into this each moment great emerald-green billows were pouring, sucked in with a bellowing like thunder, and then dashed forth a cataract of yeast-white foam. The sun struck the edge of each wave with sharp, dazzling glints as it poised before the plunge, and danced upon the returning torrent, changing its white into a mass of seething, turbulent rainbows. Beyond lay the sea, sleeping in calm, unruffled blue, and the islands in the bay gleamed golden in the sun.

What lovely days they had spent on that rock! Days filled with the exhilaration of the wonderful air and the half rapture, half terror which attends a thing we feel to be so infinitely greater than ourselves. Days of happy silence mostly, when now and then a scrap of song or a tinkling laugh broke the quiet, but where conversation was wont to lapse into repose as tranquil but more intense than that of sleep. Hilda and the Doctor occupied usually a rocky shelf so near the waves that they occasionally baptized it by a shower of spray. Wrapped in the same immense plaid, they would sit for hours, speaking sometimes in low tones, but more often lost in a silence no less eloquent than speech. To-day neither of them approached the familiar spot. Hilda nestled down in a remote corner by little Mab, and Dr. Sterling, absorbed in dropping bits of rock into the water, had now and then a word for Amy, but for no one else.

Something was very wrong. All felt it. No snatches of song arose. Laurence didn't venture on a single conundrum. Puzzled little Mab felt the silence oppressive, but she couldn't think of a word to say. The hollow roar of the spouting horn came with a foreboding moan.

"How rough it is to-day!" said Laurence at last, chucking a pebble into the waves.

"It's just the day for Miss Archer to drop her hat again, isn't it?" said Amy.

"Who's Miss Archer?"

"Don't you know? The girl who tossed her hat into the sea one day off that rock, and dared her lover to jump in after it."

"And did he?"

"Yes. But he was obliged to swim all the way round to the Cove before he could land. He would have been dashed to pieces here."

"More fool he," said Laurence. "I'd have seen the young lady hanged first."

"It's just the Knight De Lorge over again, isn't it?" put in little Mab.

"Then I hope he threw the wet hat in her face; don't you, Doctor?"

"No," said Dr. Sterling. "A gentleman wouldn't do that. But I hope from that day he saw her as she was and despised her."

Something in the tone brought a flush to Hilda's pale cheek. "How hard he is!" she sighed to herself—"hard and cruel;" and the pain at her heart grew more miserable.

"I move we have lunch," said Laurence, desperate at the failure of each attempt at enlivenment. The basket was produced, the sandwiches eaten, but neither gingerbread nor claret served to brighten the gloom. Little Mab nibbled her biscuit like a frightened mouse, and even Laurence cracked his egg-shells in silence.

It was no use. The Head was not like itself that day. The foam was white, the distance blue as ever, the waves dashed and churned with the same melodious ravings—but the charm was gone. Long before the usual time they turned to go, and, for the first time, without one sigh of regret. Hilda and Amy far in advance, and Laurence and Dr. Sterling lifting Mab up the rocks.

The old grandmother stood as before in the door of her cottage. She looked more grim and stern than ever; Amy thought perhaps offended at the rejection of her morning's hospitality, and she stopped to speak.

"It's a beautiful day on the rocks." The stern face grew sterner. "A sad thing has happened since you passed here this morning, young ladies," she said, in a harsh voice.

"What was that?"

"A little boy has been drowned."

"A little boy! Whose?"

"My son's—there, in that well."

"Good Heaven!" cried Hilda. "How long was he in the water?"

"A quarter of an hour."

"You are sure he is dead?"

"So the men say; they tried all they knew."

Kate turned. Hilda was already half across the field—her flying feet retracing the path they had so lately trod. Just as little Mab was carefully lifted down the last steep place by her two escorts she reached them—panting, breathless, her ire all gone. She rushed to Dr. Sterling as to a haven of refuge, and grasping his arm cried, in breathless accents:

"Oh, Frank! Hurry! hurry! You may be in time—"

"Hilda! Good God! What is it?"

"The well! One of the children! Oh, hurry! hurry! Don't wait!"

The quick professional instinct awoke. Without another word he was gone. The others, following rapidly, saw him clear the fence at a bound, and disappear into the cottage before they were half across the field.

Amy was on her knees by the bedside where the child lay. A fair, pretty fellow, three years old. She had taken off his dripping clothes and wrapped him in a blanket; the drip still hung heavily on his hair. What had been done to reanimate him could not be guessed—the fire was out; and in a corner of the kitchen sat the mother helplessly sobbing, while the other children clung about her knees.

Busily and helpfully Mab and Amy went to work lighting the fire, warming blankets, heating water, and quieting the frightened children. Hilda, usually so active, seemed frozen to her place. With tightly-clasped hands she stood by the bedside motionless and silent, watching Laurence and the Doctor busied over the poor baby, who lay with his little head hanging helplessly on one side like a snapped flower. With tender touch they were lifting him, first into one position, then another, at regular intervals; and now and then breathing in his mouth to inflate the lungs. The old grandmother stood in the door, her rigid face and attitude full of hopeless misery. "It's no use, no use," she said, low to herself, more than once. Noiselessly the girls would creep up stairs with freshly-warmed blankets or bottles of hot water; and Laurence, meeting them, would express by a shake of the head his own waning hopes. As time went on the shakes grew sadder and sadder. But Hilda never moved; and her eyes, steadfastly fixed on the Doctor, were full of a new meaning.

It seemed to her that she had never truly seen him before. Perhaps she never had. The gray eyes were no longer cool, they were warmed into tenderness by the compassion that filled them. The firm mouth quivered a little as the dextrous hands pursued their task, the face was very pale; but it wore a sweetness never there before. Hilda's own lips trembled with a tearful smile as she watched him. Her eyes closed. In the depths of her heart she breathed a silent thanksgiving. "He is not cold, he is not cruel; wretch that I was to think so. Oh, Frank, *my* Frank; thank God, you are my Frank."

All was vain. The limbs hung lifeless, the eyes did not open, life and breath would not return. At last the Doctor paused. Gently he pressed down the blue-veined lids and composed the little form quietly upon its pillow. The old grandmother turned abruptly and descended the stairs. A burst of sobs arose in the kitchen. Laurence hurried down, and Hilda and Frank found themselves alone.

He breathed a long, tired sigh. Perhaps nothing could have touched her so deeply as this unusual weariness. He was always so strong. Gently she moved forward and stood beside him. He turned, their eyes met; and in a "flash of silence" all was told and comprehended.

"My darling," he said. That was all. He clasped her hand. She put her head down on his shoulder. It had never rested there before, but never nest felt more home-like to a tired bird. Hand in hand they stood, and without another word all was right between them. By the side of the dead child they entered into their new life.

Out of the blue and sparkle of the day—in the midst of their restless, eager discontent—this piteous spectacle confronted them. Death has irresistible eloquence. They saw the truth—their love—their danger—and rebuked and softened, they thanked God. There was no need of further explanations.

It was a sober party enough, which at last took the familiar road through the woods. Little was spoken. Mab and Amy had red circles about their eyes, but for all that they contrived to notice the clasped hands on the back seat, and the new and peaceful look, which rested like a glory on their Hilda's face, and they felt that all was well.

And it *was* well. The vow breathed silently that morning in the fisherman's cottage has been fulfilled, and still the sweet story is going on. They are happy—I don't mean perfectly happy—very few of us manage to be *that*. Patients don't always pay or plans succeed. The trifles which make up the sum of life go awry sometimes. Care and disappointment belong to all; but they love one another, and face good and ill together. For men or for women few things can be hoped for better than that. Many strive to attain thereto, and never enter in. In my own dreams I picture no happier fate—do you?

EGYPT AWAKENED.

It flows through old, hushed Egypt and its sands,
Like some grave, mighty thought threading a dream;
And time and things, as in that vision, seem
Keeping along it their eternal stands.

When Leigh Hunt, who never dreamed of Lesseps and his canal, wrote the beautiful sonnet from which the above lines are taken, he had a vision of Egypt asleep. our artist, in the fine illustration on page 804, shows us Egypt awakened from the slumber of ages by the hand of the genius of modern civilization, and rousing herself to the practical work of the nineteenth century. She reposes against a fallen column; on one side stand the eternal Pyramids, the mystical Sphinx, and a solitary representative of the sacred bird of old Egyptian mythology. These are types of the past, and are finely contrasted with the types of modern energy and progress—the steamboat, the railway, the factory—to which her eyes are directed. The same idea is repeated and enforced in the drawings underneath, in which the shores of the Red Sea, strewn with the dead of Pharaoh's host, are contrasted with the same shores enlivened by the commerce and the industrial energy of the present age.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

In the late election in Chicago, when the contest was between the regular Republican or "Barnacle" ticket, as it was called, and the Citizens' ticket, Phil Hoyne, our old United States Commissioner here, was a candidate on the "Barnacle" ticket for Alderman, and was, as was the fate of the "Barnacle" ticket generally, defeated. The morning after the election a friend went into the Commissioner's office, and asked, "Phil, how was it that you did not get elected?" To which Phil replied, gruffly, "The folks in our ward thought I had better attend to my duties as United States Commissioner than mix with a lot of common scoundrels, jobbers, and contractors."

A minister at an eating-house gave the order, "Roast beef, well done, good and faithful servant."

A young man who had come into possession of a large property by the death of his brother was asked how he was getting along. "Oh," said he, "I am having a dreadful time! What with getting out letters of administration, and attending a probate court, and settling claims, I sometimes wish he hadn't died!"

Modern Work of Fiction—The prospectus of an oil company.

A young enthusiast was talking to his intended, urging upon her speedy marriage, and a start to spend the honey-moon in California. "I tell you," said he, his face glowing with enthusiasm, "California is the paradise of this earth There's no use talking!" "No use *talking!*" exclaimed the lady, with a look of some surprise. "No use of talking," he replied. "Well, if there's no use talking," said the lady, "what in the name of senses do you want of women there? I don't go!"

"Lottie," said a little visitor, "what makes your kitty so cross?" "Oh, 'cause she's cutting teeth, I s'pect."

"Gentlemen of the jury," said a Western lawyer. "I don't mean to insinuate that this man is a covetous person, but I will bet five to one that if you should bait a steel trap with a new three-cent piece, and place it within six inches of his mouth, you would catch his soul. I wouldn't for a moment insinuate that he would steal, but, may it please the court and gentlemen of the jury, I wouldn't trust him in a room with red-hot millstones, and the angel Gabriel to watch 'em."

"What shall I do?" exclaimed a superfastidious exquisite, as he paced his elegant apartment in fine frenzy; "what is to be done? I have scented my hair *à la* violet, and my laundress has sent me my shirts *à la* rose!"

"Is that clock right, over there?" asked a visitor, the other day. "Right over there," said the boy; "'tain't nowhere else!"

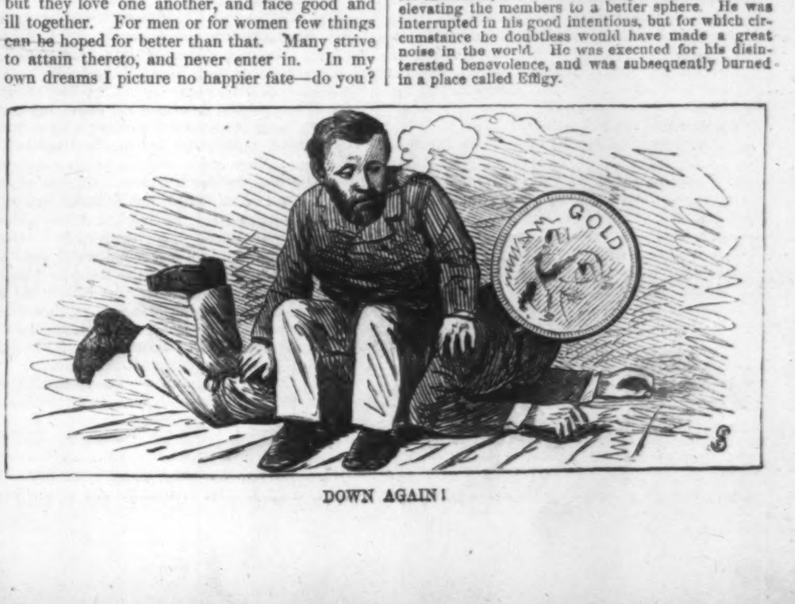
BRIEF BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

Julius Cæsar—Son of old man Cæsar. Was born at Rome in his infancy, and, upon arriving at the estate of his manhood, became a Roman. Was a fighter and a writer of some note. His friend Brutus asked him one morning how many eggs he had eaten for breakfast, and he replied, "Et tu Brute!" His friend, enraged at being called a brute, stabbed Cæsar quite dead.

Mohammed—Author of the "Koran," an exciting romance, written in the Mammoth Cave at Mecca. He was the originator of a religious creed with which he stuffed Turkey and tried to get up a broil in Greece, but failed. Many of his earlier followers suffered great persecution. Some of them were bound in Morocco, and burned at the stake. He had three temples while living—one at Mecca, and one on the other side of his head.

Duke of Wellington—An officer of the British army. Mr. Longfellow makes honorable mention of him as the "Warden of the Cinque Ports." Cinque means five, and he was the protector of five principal ports, or strategical points, usually denominated the Five Points. He lived to a ripe old age and died.

Guy Fawkes—A warm-hearted, impulsive Englishman, who believed the British Parliament too good for this earth, and devised an expeditious method of elevating the members to a better sphere. He was interrupted in his good intentions, but for which circumstance he doubtless would have made a great noise in the world. He was executed for his disinterested benevolence, and was subsequently burned in a place called Effigy.



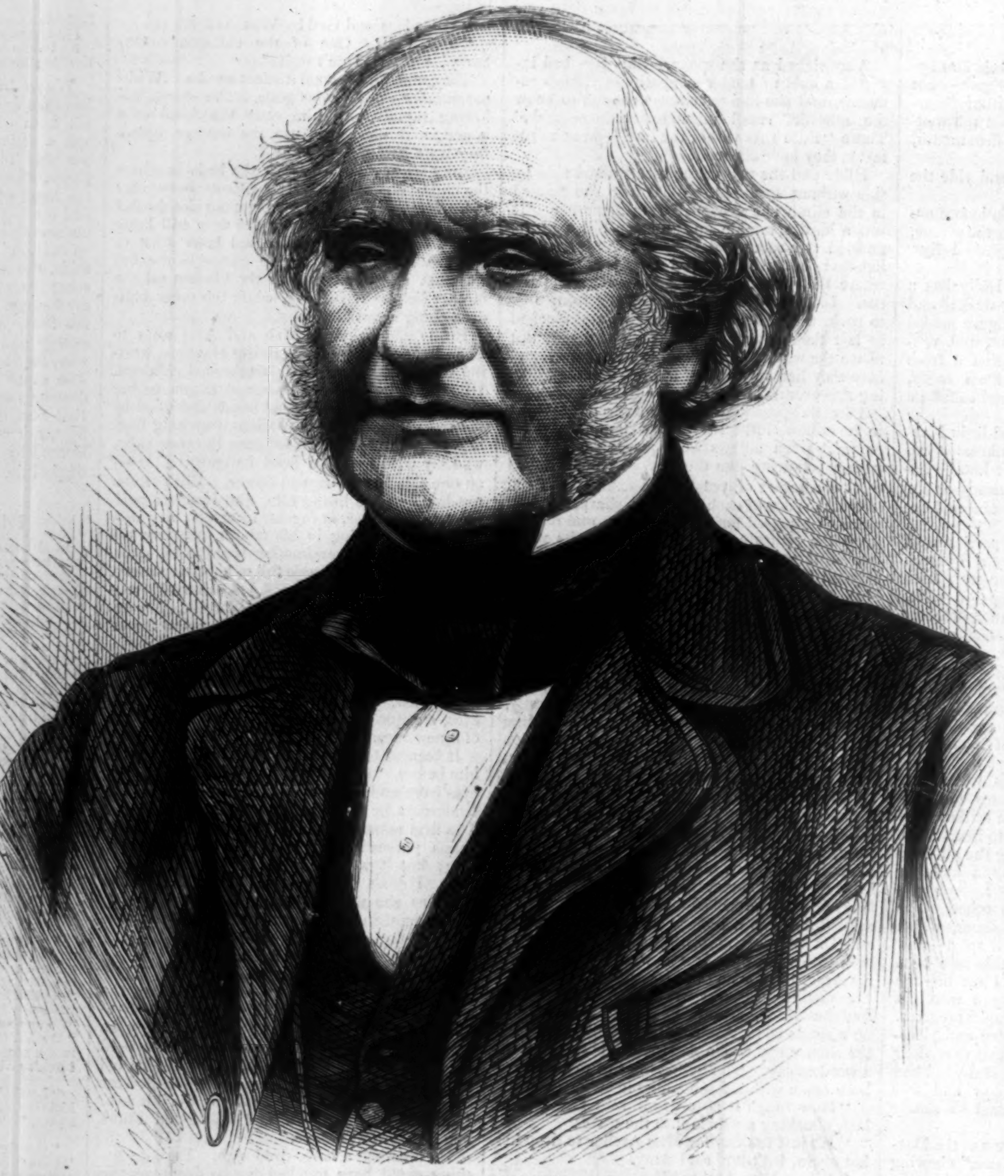
DOWN AGAIN!

MR. PEABODY'S FUNERAL.

WE give on page 809 an illustration of the funeral of the late Mr. GEORGE PEABODY, which took place in Westminster Abbey, where, on the 14th of November, his remains were deposited to await their removal to this country. The ceremony was unusually impressive. Seldom has the venerable Abbey been so densely crowded on a funeral occasion. Nearly every one present, including many representatives of the working-classes, was dressed in mourning; and some of the English papers remark upon the absence of whispering and tittering, and uneasy shifting about, and the general hush that prevailed in the audience, as something singular and unusual; as if even the most thoughtless and frivolous, if any such were there, were for once awed into silence and decorum. The seats of the choir were draped with black cloth, and the space between the stalls was covered with a black carpet; the pulpit and reading-desk were hung with black, and beneath the lantern there was placed a bier covered with black velvet, relieved by a white border, on either side of which seats were reserved for the mourners. The sacrarium was inclosed by barriers of black cloth, and only a few highly privileged spectators were admitted to seats within its area.

Before the doors of the Abbey were opened many persons were waiting for admission, and, although there was little crowding and no confusion at the entrances, very soon every seat in nave and choir and transept was filled, a very considerable proportion of the occupants being ladies. Soon after twelve o'clock the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs arrived, clad in their scarlet gowns, and at once proceeded to the seats reserved for them in the sacrarium. Lord CLARENDON, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, General GREY, and Mr. HELPS, representing her Majesty, had anticipated their arrival, and were already seated; and not long afterward Mr. GLADSTONE passed quickly through the nave, and took his place by the noble earl. Neither the Premier nor any other member of the Government was in official costume. All wore plain mourning dress, and all, like the rest of the spectators, carried some mark of mourning for the deceased philanthropist.

The grave, as shown in the illustration, had been prepared in the middle of the nave, not far from the west door; and here, with the usual ceremonies of the Church of England, the body was temporarily deposited. It will be brought to this country in her Majesty's ship *Monarch*, a turret ship of the most recent construction, convoyed by national ships from the American and French navies. The *Monarch* was to leave Portsmouth on the 8th of December, and is probably now on her way to our shores.



GEORGE PEABODY.

The portrait of Mr. PEABODY on this page is from an excellent photograph of the distinguished philanthropist by Mr. HENRI CLAUDET, of London. The view of the house in which he was born is from a photograph by BLACK, of Salem, Massachusetts, and represents the building as it now stands. It was erected near the beginning of the seventeenth century, and, except new covering, has since undergone very little alteration. The building on the left is part of the well-known glue manufactory of Mr. E. W. UPTON, which, with its several departments, occupies an area of about thirty acres of ground.

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, IN NEW YORK.

WE give on page 812 an engraving of St. Patrick's Cathedral, on Fifth Avenue, between Fiftieth and Fifty-first streets, New York, as it will appear when completed. This magnificent structure, the corner-stone of which was laid in July, 1858, will be the largest ecclesiastical edifice in America, and will compare favorably, in size and architectural beauty, with the most celebrated cathedrals of Europe. The material of which it is constructed is white marble, within and without, with a substantial filling of brick masonry between the inner and outer walls. The style of architecture is highly ornamented medieval Gothic, not the usual Romanesque or Byzantine to be found in most of the Roman Catholic churches in this country.

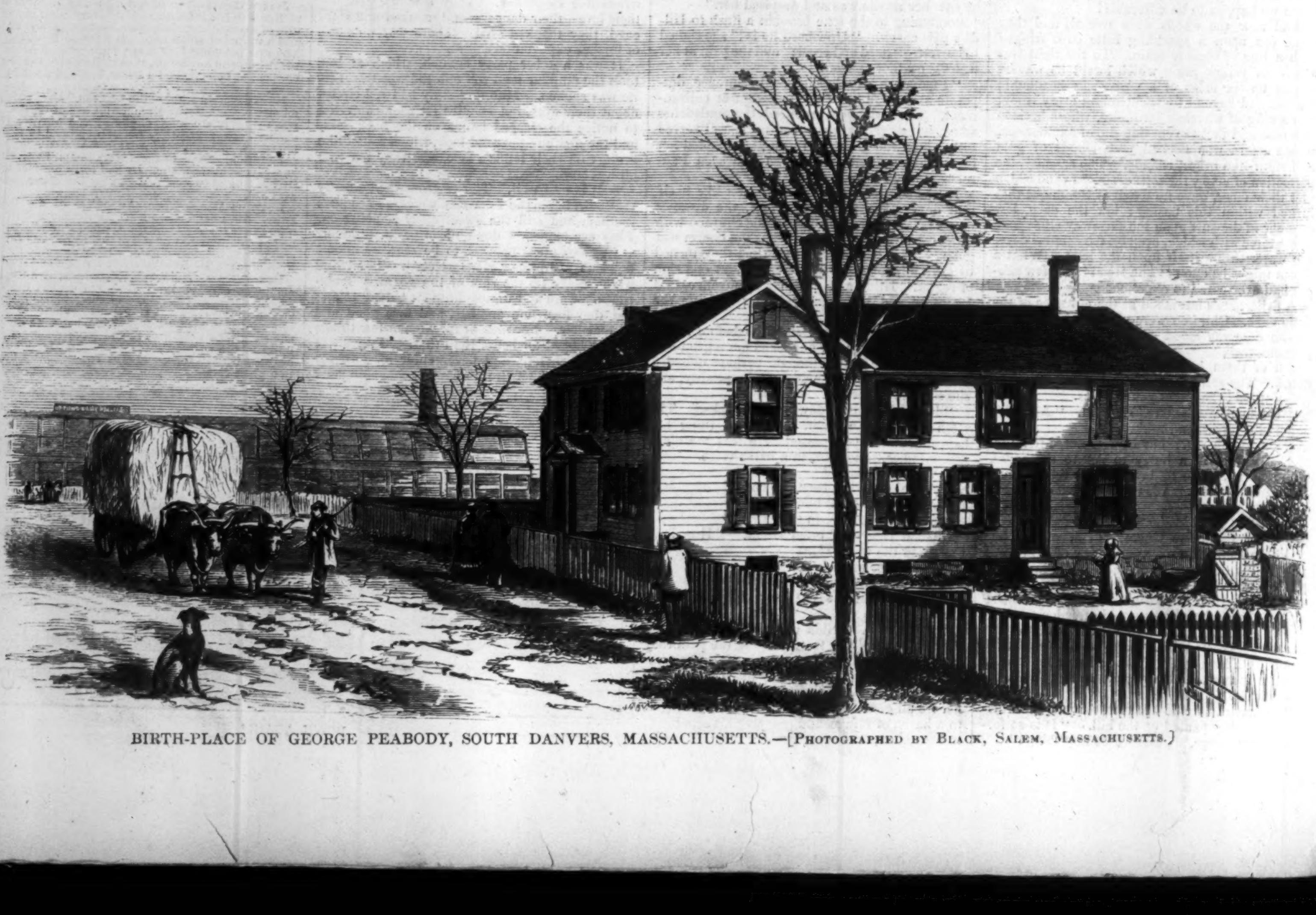
The area covered by this building, including the walls and buttresses, is 46,500 square feet. The space within the walls will afford ample room for fourteen thousand people; and it is computed that even nineteen thousand could be accommodated, should a great occasion ever draw so large a congregation together. The outside length of the edifice is 330 feet from buttress to buttress; inside the walls, 301 feet. The breadth at the transept is 172 feet, 120 above and below the point of intersection of transept and nave. The height from floor to the crown of the arched ceiling will be 110 feet, while the ceilings of the side aisles are 54 feet from the church floor. Along the aisles will be a row of chapels, fourteen in number, the height of each 17 feet. There are to be eight sacristies and two baptisteries at the east end of the church.

The high altar is to stand 48 feet east of the line of intersection of nave and transept. Back of this is to be a chapel, 48 feet in length, dedicated to the Virgin, richly and elaborately ornamented.

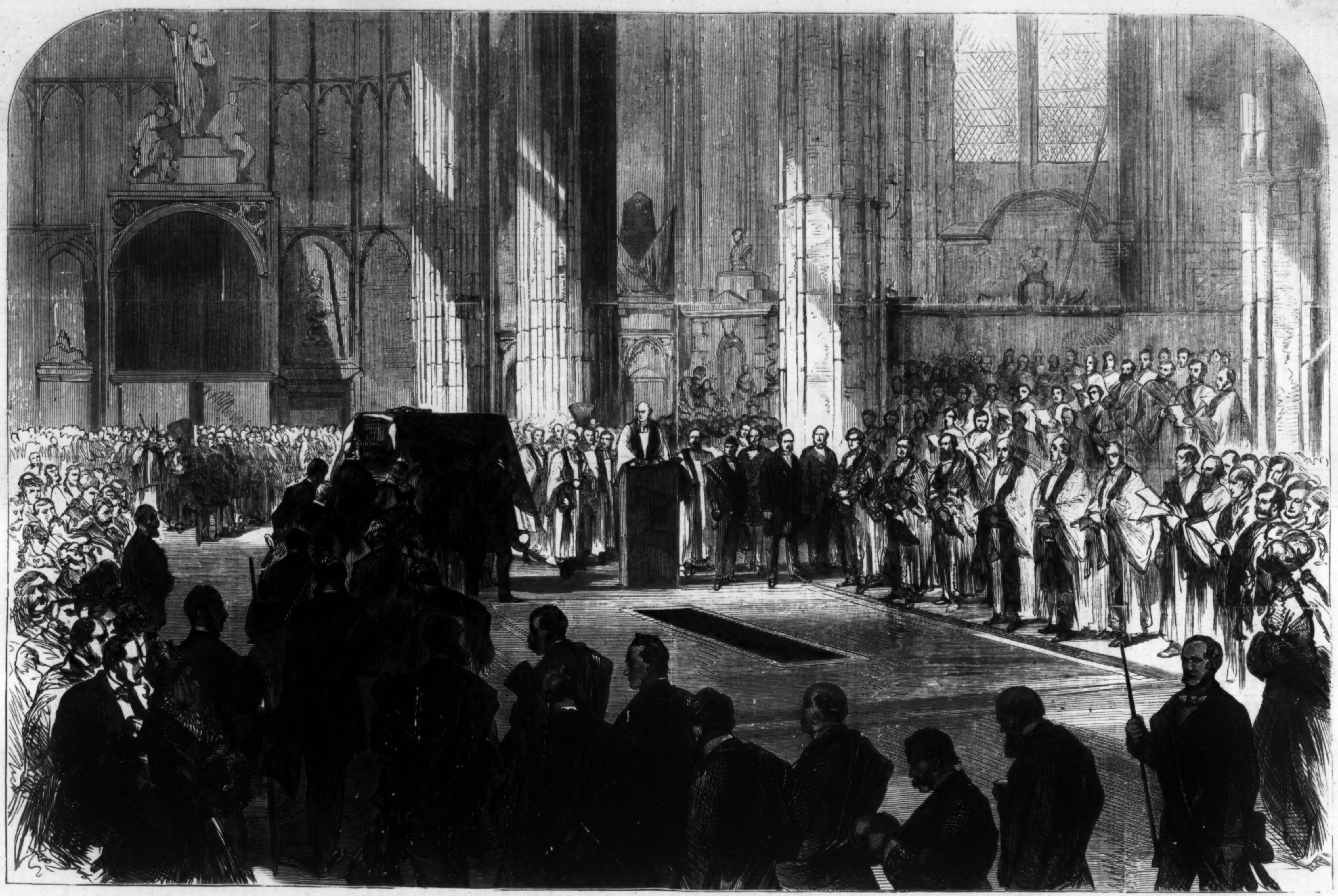
Our engraving shows the richness of the architectural design. The central portal, on Fifth Avenue, which is already erected, is 60 feet in height, and, like the others, is richly decorated. Over the great door a grand circular window will admit the light to the interior, through double panes of rich stained glass. Rising above this window will be a crocketed gable and finial cross. On each side of the great portal, and over the side doors, two towers will rise square at the base, but finish octagonally. They are to be 320 feet in height, and crowned with a finial cross. The transept doors, which will open on Fiftieth and Fifty-first streets, are to be 26 feet wide by 43 high; over each a grand window, ornamented with rich tracery, surmounted by a paneled gable, and terminated by a pinnacle 150 feet from the ground.

The number of large windows in the building will be forty-seven in the rear, thirteen on each side, and thirteen in the clear-story, to light the nave or central aisle. These windows are to have two thicknesses of glass, the outer frame being set two inches from the inner one. The interior will be richly ornamented. In one of the towers over the grand portal on Fifth Avenue the great bell is to be hung, and in the other the chimes. The cathedral will be heated by steam.

The cathedral walls have attained a height of about 50 feet, and the work of building is steadily progressing; but several years must elapse before the completion of the edifice.



BIRTH-PLACE OF GEORGE PEABODY, SOUTH DANVERS, MASSACHUSETTS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BLACK, SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS.]



FUNERAL OF MR. GEORGE PEABODY IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—[See Page 808.]

WHEN YOU WERE SEVENTEEN.

WHEN the hay was mown, Maggie,
In the years long ago,
And while the western sky was rich
With sunset's rosy glow,
Then hand in hand close-linked we passed
The dewy ricks between,
And I was one-and-twenty, Mag,
And you were seventeen.

Your voice was low and sweet, Maggie;
Your wavy hair was brown;
Your cheek was like the wild red rose
That showered its petals down;
Your eyes were like the blue speedwell,
With dewy moisture sheen,
When I was one-and-twenty, Mag,
And you were seventeen.

The spring was in our hearts, Maggie,
And all its hopes were ours;
And we were children in the fields,
Among the opening flowers.
Ay! Life was like a summer day
Amid the woodlands green,
For I was one-and-twenty, Mag,
And you were seventeen.

The years have come and gone, Maggie,
With sunshine and with shade,
And silvered is the silken hair
That o'er your shoulders strayed
In many a soft and wayward tress—
The fairest ever seen—
When I was one-and-twenty, Mag,
And you were seventeen.

Though gently changing Time, Maggie,
Has touched you in his flight,
Your voice has still the old sweet tone,
Your eye the old love-light;
And years can never, never change
The heart you gave, I ween,
When I was one-and-twenty, Mag,
And you were seventeen.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book III.

CHAPTER V.

A SHADOW ACROSS THE SUNSHINE.

THE summer passed away monotonously at Villa Chiari. The heat increased steadily, reached a climax, and then began as steadily to abate. All through the blazing months Sir John remained at the villa. The house basked in the glare of the long day with closed blinds, like a living thing asleep in the sunshine. Then, toward evening, doors and windows were thrown open, and figures were seen seated beneath the loggia, or pacing the shadiest garden walks, and the sound of footsteps echoed on the flagged court-yard.

As the days and weeks and months went by, and brought no tidings from Maud or the vicar, Veronica grew restlessly discontented. For some time anger supported her spirits. But by degrees she became tormented by apprehensions for her father's health. The apprehensions were only momentary, but they returned oftener and oftener. She debated the possibility that none of her letters had been received, and twisted the matter this way and that way in her mind.

Once she spoke to Sir John on the subject.

It was after a fit of depression and tears, and she was unable to suffer alone. She felt impelled to make him share her pain.

"I do wonder how papa is!" she said, unexpectedly, as they were sitting alone together in the twilight.

Sir John made no answer, but turned uneasily in his chair.

"I do wonder. I want to know. I *must* know!"

"What is the meaning of this sudden anxiety?"

"It is not sudden. Because I have kept it to myself so long, you can not understand that I have been suffering all this time!"

Veronica really thought for the moment that she had been generously sparing him. She knew herself to have been unhappy at intervals, and omitted to observe that the first moment she had felt the desire to speak of her unhappiness to Sir John, she had yielded to it without a thought of restraining herself for his sake.

"Well, what can I do? Can I help it if they take no notice of you? Besides, what is there to be anxious about? No news is good news."

"I wrote to Maud. I did think *she* would have answered me!"

"Bah! You are infatuated with that girl. I wonder that a person of your intellect should be so taken in by her missish airs."

"You know nothing about Maud!" cried Veronica, quickly. "You can not understand her one bit."

"Neither, it seems, can you," retorted Sir John. Praise of Maud always displeased him. Veronica's reverence and admiration for her irritated him peculiarly.

Veronica started up with a little childish exclamation of impatience, and walked to the window.

"I *must* know how papa is!" she said. Her voice was changed now. There were certain deep tones in it which the mention of Maud alone called forth.

Her pettishness disturbed Sir John much less than her earnestness.

"Amor mio," he said, soothingly, "rest assured that if any evil had happened to your father, or if any evil threatened him even, you would not fail to hear of it. There are plenty of kind, pious people in that Arcadian village who would cheerfully take on themselves the duty of imparting any thing disagreeable."

She was willing to be put on good terms with herself at any body's expense—save Maud's—and she smiled contemptuously at the recollection of the Shipley people.

"Can't you fancy their gloating over such a chance of punishing you for having had the courage to escape from among them?"

"Il Principe Cesare de' Barletti," announced a servant at this moment, and the tête-à-tête interview was at an end.

The prince was a constant, and nearly the only, visitor at Villa Chiari throughout the summer. One or two other men came occasionally; a stray attaché, left behind in solitary responsibility during the absence of his chief, and bewailing his fate; a belated Prussian grandee, passing through on his way from the sea-baths at Leghorn to the northern side of the Alps. No English came, and no ladies.

Early in September people began to return to Florence. Veronica made various indirect attempts to see and to be seen by such of the fashionable world as were already to be found driving in the Cascine toward the sunset hour, and inhaling the evening miasma heroically. But Sir John opposed her desire in this particular. And had it not been for a hope which never abandoned her altogether (though it flickered low at times), and for Prince Cesare de' Barletti, she would, she told herself, have found the ennui of her secluded life intolerable.

Sir John encouraged Barletti to come. If he had not desired Barletti's presence at the villa, Sir John would unquestionably have been restrained by no delicacy from making his sentiments manifest.

There were several causes which made Sir John willing to receive Barletti. The first was, that the Neapolitan amused him, played picquet fairly well (in truth, he could play much better than his host, but had tact and temper enough never to hint at the fact), and brought up from the city little gossiping stories which Sir John relished. The second was, that Veronica was either pleasantly gay and good-tempered under the excitement of the stranger's presence, or, if she were otherwise, vented the haughty self-asserting humor of the hour on Barletti, whom she treated at times with absolute insolence. Both these moods of hers were agreeable to Sir John: the latter especially so. Then there was the circumstance that Barletti, with all his poverty and pliancy, was undoubtedly the scion of an illustrious race. Now Sir John was not the scion of an illustrious race. He would not have openly admitted the fact, but he knew it. And it was ineffably soothing to any irritating doubts which he might occasionally entertain as to his own importance in the world, and as to the supremacy of wealth, to contemplate a penniless prince flattering him for a dinner.

As we are all apt to believe what we wish, Sir John rather overestimated the attractions of his dinners, and the impression that his riches made on Barletti.

Early in October Sir John announced his intention of going to Naples for the winter. Veronica was genuinely delighted at the news. But, with a petty perversity which she sometimes indulged in toward Sir John, she received it very coldly. He had made her summer pass in inexpressible boredom; and she was resolved not to gratify him by any too great readiness to be amused, the moment it suited him to amuse her.

"We shall be able to have a little gayety and society in Naples," said Sir John. "You deserve some compensation, poverina, for the dullness of the summer."

This provoked Veronica, and she answered without deigning to turn her eyes toward him: "I doubt the power of Naples to give me compensation."

Sir John happened to be in a good temper. His dinner had been varied, savory, and digestible—three conditions not often combined—and he humored her with an exasperating ostentation of forbearance.

"Méchante! Did you in truth find the summer spent alone with me so dull?"

"Very!"

"Ha! I wonder, then, that you do not show more pleasure at the prospect of a change."

"I see no prospect of a change."

The words were barely uttered before she repented them. Sir John's good temper, too roughly strained, had snapped. It was at all times brittle and untrustworthy.

He growled out an inarticulate oath. It was not the first she had heard from his lips addressed to herself.

"What a fool I am?" she thought; "I never take advantage of his good moods. Oh, if I could but command myself!"

The truth was, that his "good moods" were almost the only moments in which she was not afraid of him. And the moments in which she was not afraid of him tempted her to revenge herself for her subjection at most other times. There were other moments when, being roused to passionate anger, she lost fear and prudence. But such moments were still rare in her intercourse with the man whom she had made the master of her fate.

She came and knelt beside him, resting her hand on his as it hung over the cushioned arm of his chair.

"What will you do for me at Naples?" she asked, coaxingly.

He was about to answer—not, as it seemed by his frowning brow and sneering smile, very graciously—when his face changed, he made a strange inarticulate sound, and leaned back, gasping, in his chair.

Veronica flew to the bell to summon assistance, then she bathed his forehead with some perfume from a bottle that stood near at hand, and fanned him with her handkerchief.

"What is it? What is the matter?" she kept asking, wildly. She reiterated her questions when Paul came into the room.

Paul wasted no time in reassuring her. With a swiftness very surprising and unexpected in one whose movements were habitually so deliberate, he loosened his master's cravat. Then he ran to Sir John's bedroom and returned with a traveling flask, from which he poured a few drops of brandy down his master's throat.

When he had done so, he answered Veronica as calmly as though she had that instant put some ordinary question to him.

"A faintness, miladi. He will be better now. It is passing."

Veronica stood by, scared and trembling. Paul fetched some cold water, and threw it sharply on his master's cheeks and forehead.

"Shall I not call some of the other servants?" said Veronica, clasping and unclasping her hands nervously. "Some one must be sent for a doctor."

"Better not, just yet. We shall hear what he says. He is coming to himself."

Sir John did revive. Some semblance of life returned to his face, which had grown strangely livid.

His eyes fell on Veronica, and he turned them away with a look of impatience.

"What is it?" she cried, bending over him. "Can you not speak to me?"

Sir John feebly tried to raise his handkerchief to his mouth, and failed. He looked appealingly at Paul, who immediately wiped the water from his master's face, in a steady matter-of-course way. Still Sir John did not speak.

Paul watched him intently; and at last said to Veronica: "You had better go away, miladi. I shall call Ansano by-and-by, and help Sir John to his room. He will lie down and repose for an hour or so, and then he will be quite well again. The heat made him faint."

During this speech Paul kept his eyes fixed on his master's face, and seemed to read in it approval and confirmation of his words; for he added, almost instantly: "Yes, yes; that is it. The heat made him faint. It is nothing; and you had better go away, miladi."

Veronica obeyed in bewilderment. She was glad to escape from the room; and yet she somewhat resented being sent away.

She was walking quickly along the corridor that led to her own room, when she heard a voice close behind her: "Miladi!"

Her heart leaped at the suddenness of the sound, and she turned round in terror. It was Paul.

"Pardon, miladi. I fear I startled you. The matting is so soft, it deadens footsteps. I only wanted to say that Sir John much wishes that the other domestics should not be told of his little indisposition. He dislikes a fuss, he says, miladi."

"Oh! he has spoken to you, then! How is he?"

"Sir John is much better, miladi. The heat made him faint. It is nothing."

Veronica sat down in her boudoir, and tried to think steadily of what had just happened. She did not believe that it had been a mere fainting fit. There had been a strange look in Sir John's face, unlike any thing she had ever seen before. Was he *very* ill? Was he going to die?

She rose and moved restlessly about the room. Then she stopped suddenly, and reflected that Paul had shown no apprehension. Paul had even recommended that no doctor should be sent for. Paul knew Sir John well. He *must* know whether there were danger or not!

If—oh, if Sir John were going to die!

Her knees shook under her, and she threw herself on to a sofa. She lay there, stretched at full length, with her face buried in the cushions; her hair pushed aside, and her hands covering her ears, as though to shut out some terrible sound, for a long time.

Once the shutting of a heavy door echoed through the house, and for many minutes after the last reverberation had died away her heart beat with dreadful rapidity, and she waited in the tremor of suspense and fear, expecting to be summoned by Paul's voice. No one came. The afternoon was waning, and at last she heard one of the women-servants singing a Tuscan love-song, as she moved about the house at her work. That was a reassuring sound. Veronica sat up, feeling dizzy and half blind as she faced the light. There were no tears on her face, but it was deadly pale, except one crimson streak, where she had pressed her cheek against the cushion. Her first act was to lock the door which communicated with the corridor. There was another door in the boudoir leading to her bedchamber, to which there was no other access. Then she went to the looking-glass and contemplated herself.

"What a ghost I look!" she thought, "and how I have been tormenting myself! And perhaps for nothing, after all!"

She hesitated for a moment, but finally took a book from the table, unlocked the door of the boudoir, rang the bell, and returned to the sofa.

"Miladi rang?" said her maid, coming to the door. Veronica had taught all the servants to give her that title.

"Yes. What o'clock is it? I shall not dress for dinner. I fell asleep over my book, and have made my head ache. Get me some eau de cologne. Put on my peignoir, and shut out that glare. How red the sunset is! You must brush my hair in the dark as well as you can. I can not bear the light."

It was not dark when the maid had closed the persiennes, but it was dim. Veronica's white wrapper gleamed in the twilight. The maid stood patiently brushing out her mistress's thick tresses in silence.

"Did you ever faint, Beppina?" asked her mistress.

"Faint? No, miladi."

"You have seen people in fainting fits, perhaps?"

"Yes; I saw a girl once, who was in a dead swoon."

"There is no danger in them, of course?"

"Who knows!" answered Beppina, with an expressive shrug.

"What made the girl you saw faint?"

"Hunger, miladi."

"Hunger!"

"Yes. Her damo[*] had been a Garibaldino, and he got wounded in the wars; and when he came back to Florence, weak and sickly, he could get no work, and his people were too poor to help him, so Gigia—she was a dress-maker's apprentice—kept him, and gave him nearly all her food. And one day, when she was going to her work, she turned giddy, and fell down in the street, and they took her to a hospital, and the doctor said she had not had enough to eat; and that that was all that was the matter with her."

"How dreadful! It must be awful to be so poor!"

"Eh, che vuole? She couldn't have loved him more if she had been rich! And she saved his life, and that was a consolazione di Dio."

"Sir John's love, miladi, and will you excuse him from coming into the dining-room? He will have the honor of joining you in the evening afterward."

Paul said these words from the boudoir, holding the door that communicated with the bedroom in his hand.

"How is Sir John?" asked Veronica, in English.

"Sir John has reposed, miladi, and is quite well, only a little fatigued with the heat."

"I shall not come down to dinner. Tell them to serve it in the little blue room next my boudoir."

"Yes, miladi. Then I shall tell the signor principe that miladi does not receive this evening?"

Veronica was emboldened by the fact that, while Paul's face could be seen illumined by the setting sun, whose light streamed into the boudoir, her own face was in shadow. She had sometimes been vexed with herself for being in a kind of awe under Paul's grave glance, and for having allowed more than one caprice and manifestation of willfulness to be checked by its silent influence. Now she resolved to consult her own will and pleasure, and she threw a little superfluous asperity into the voice in which she answered:

"No; certainly not! I have given you no such directions."

"Miladi wishes to have the dinner served *for two* in the blue room?"

"Yes. No! I will dine in the dining-saloon, and—is the prince here?"

"The signor principe is under the west loggia, smoking a cigar."

"Have you mentioned to him that Sir John was—was not well?"

"Sir John does not choose me to say so, miladi."

"That will do. You will have a cover laid for the prince. I shall try to persuade him to stay to amuse and cheer Sir John a little this evening."

After all, she had not succeeded in simply issuing her commands without apology or explanation to Paul.

The latter bowed and withdrew.

Veronica waited until his footsteps had died away in the corridor; then she said, putting her hand to her forehead with the gesture of one struck with a sudden remembrance: "Oh, I forgot to give Paul a message for Sir John!"

"Shall I go, miladi?" asked Beppina.

"No, never mind. I will go myself. Give me a lace scarf, or something to wrap over my head. That will do. Lay out a dinner dress—any thing light and cool. I shall return in a few minutes."

Veronica passed through her boudoir and descended the staircase leading to Sir John's apartments, which were on the ground-floor. Arrived at the basement story, however, she entered one of the long suit of reception-rooms which occupied the whole west side of the villa; opened a glass door, and stepped out into the loggia. Cesare de' Barletti was smoking in the loggia, as Paul had said. As soon as he perceived Veronica, he threw away his cigar and advanced toward her, hat in hand.

THE PARRICIDE.

A LEGEND OF THE ROMAGNA.

I.—THE SENTENCE.

"HE is guilty, beyond all doubt!" The deep voice of the new Baron di Cruvelli rang sternly through the silent hall. The pale youth in the custody of the guards looked anxiously around, but found no friend.

"He is guilty," continued the Baron. "I tremble—I shudder to assign so dread a crime, and so fearful a punishment to one so near and dear. But the law must have its course, and justice must be done."

A low murmur of assent arose from the audience.

It was in the principal hall of the Castello di Cruvelli. Six days before the late Baron had been found dead in his bed. Evident marks of poison were about him. His son had been the only one seen about the room. The Baron's brother had charged him with the murder, arrested him, thrown him into the lowest dungeon, and vowed vengeance on him. He had then assumed the title and power of Baron di Cruvelli, and his first act had been the trial and condemnation of his nephew.

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[*] Sweet-heart.

"Parricide!" cried the Baron, in an awful voice. "Look at me. What have you to say for yourself?"

"Wretch!" cried the youth. "Do you dare to look me in the face? Murderer of my father, do you dare to murder the son also? Where is my mother? Have you slain her too?"

"Wretched boy! You but add to your crimes. Do not try to lessen your guilt by imputing it to me. As to your mother, she has fled, and has escaped for the present from the punishment due for her share in this foul crime."

"Thank God!" cried the youth, fervently; "she, at least, is safe from you. For my part you can but kill me. Kill me, then, as you killed my father. But remember this, that there is a time hereafter when he and I and all of us will rise up against you!"

The Baron's eyes blazed with fury.

"Fool!" he cried, "every word that you utter only makes your fate the worse."

"My fate can not be worse," calmly returned the other. "But oh! can it be possible that among all my father's followers there is not one who will help his son!"

He looked around appealingly over the assembly. But fear rested upon the hearts of those who otherwise might have helped him.

"There is no sympathy for the parricide, but there is a terrific punishment," cried the Baron, savagely. "Hear what our laws assign:

"'*He who is guilty of the foul and unnatural crime shall be inclosed naked in a sack with an ape, a cat, a fox, and a serpent; he shall then be thrown headlong from a high cliff into the running water, to the end that the earth be not polluted with his blood.*' Such, wretched youth, is the doom of the parricide, and such shall be your fate. Prepare then for this, for I swear by St. Anthony that ere another hour you shall die."

The young man looked defiantly at his tyrant, and was led away by the guards.

An hour afterward a number of men were assembled on the topmost tower of the castle.

The Baron stood on one side. His attendants, six in number, were near him. They held the young man firmly, so that he could not escape. The tower overlooked a river, which now, swollen with rain, rushed swiftly to the sea.

In a short time four more came up. They drew with them a leathern bag of large dimensions. In this was the horrible collection—a serpent, a fox, a cat, and an ape. At a sign from the Baron the attendants drew the youth toward the sack.

The others held it partly open.

The young man was thrust in.

There was a fearful tumult inside. The stern guards themselves averted their eyes.

"Away with him!" cried the Baron, in a hoarse voice.

In another instant the bag was hurled from the tower, and falling like lightning it splashed into the river below.

"Any way, he's got one chance," muttered a guardsman between his teeth; "I gave him my knife!"

II.—ESCAPE.

A FEW hundred yards below the Castello di Cruvelli there was a thick-grown copse which projected into the river. Here, not long after the scene just narrated, a young man had concealed himself. He was naked. Blood issued from different wounds, and in his hand he held a knife.

Here, concealed from view, he looked out upon the world around him. The vast pile of the Castello di Cruvelli arose not far away, built upon a high bank of the river which formed the termination of a projecting spur from the Apennines. At its base a little collection of houses was clustered. In the distance the wide Roman Campagna spread away.

Evening was now coming rapidly on, and soon the sun sank down below the western horizon. Then the young man left his lurking-place, and stole on cautiously toward the castle. Darkness soon covered the whole land, and he reached the little hamlet unobserved. One of the cottages stood a little apart from the others and outside the limits of the hamlet. There were voices within. He knocked at the door. Soon steps were heard, and a man appeared.

"Who is there?" said he, as he opened the door and peered out into the dark.

"An unfortunate," said the other, "who has been robbed by brigands, and stripped even of his clothes. Have you an old coat to spare, so that I may conceal my nakedness?"

"Brigands!" said the other; "poor devil! I think I may promise you a coat, though it is a ragged one. Wait a moment."

The man went in, and soon returned with several articles of clothing, coarse but serviceable, and the young man received them and put them on with fervent expressions of gratitude.

"Come in, friend," said the cottager, at last.

"No," said the other; "do you come out; I have a word to say to you."

"Ah!" said the other, cautiously; "can you not say it here?"

"Do not fear; it is something which I do not wish to be overheard."

After some hesitation the cottager stepped out and went off to a little distance with the other.

"Well, what is it that you have to say?"

"Do you know me?"

"No."

"Do you recognize my voice, Maffeo?"

"Holy Saints!" cried the other, in a voice of terror. "Who are you? What is it that you want with me?"

"Maffeo, is this your fidelity?"

"Are you not dead, then? Oh, my dear master!" cried Maffeo, incredulous at this wonder.

"God has delivered me," said the other, solemnly, "by almost a miracle."

"But you were thrown into the river," said the other, wonderingly.

"Ay, but I had a knife, and I cut the bag. I am safe. I am here. I will be avenged."

"And I will lay down my life for you, my lord and master," cried Maffeo, kneeling down and kissing the hand of the young man.

"How are the peasantry? Are they faithful to me, or traitors?"

"Faithful, my lord, to your father's memory and to you. They mourn over your fate, and execrate the murderer."

"The servants in the house are false."

"No, my lord; most of them would gladly have saved your life. But they were afraid. They could only pity you in silence, and pray to Heaven to avenge you."

"I must let them know that I am alive."

"Then there is no time to lose," said Maffeo, in an altered voice.

"What do you mean?" cried the young Baron, startled at the change in his tone.

Maffeo was silent for a moment.

"Tell me," urged the other. "Do you think, after what I have suffered, that there is any thing which I can not bear?"

Maffeo hesitated.

"Tell," said the other, vehemently.

"They have captured the Countess."

"My mother!" exclaimed the other, in a despairing voice.

Maffeo was silent.

"No time is to be lost. I must save her or perish. If I can not save her, then I will die. Death will then be better than life. Maffeo, you must stand by me."

"Until death," said Maffeo, fervently; and he kissed his master's hand.

"It is well," said the young Baron.

III.—THE EXECUTION.

YES, the Baroness di Cruvelli had indeed been captured. Flying for her life from the murderer of her husband, she had been pitilessly pursued; and the pursuit was too close for her to escape. They had seized her at a place which was three days' journey from the castle, and brought her back on the very evening of the day when her son had been thrown over the battlements.

The Baroness had never dreamed that such a fate could possibly be in store for her son. The Baron, who was incapable either of pity or remorse, received her with a malignant smile, and told her of her son's fate. The horror of this overwhelmed her, and she fell senseless to the ground.

"Carry her away and restore her," said the Baron.

The attendants carried her away, pityingly. They were under the power of the Baron, and dared not refuse. Yet there were few in that castle who would not have gladly raised their hands against the tyrant, if only some leader could have appeared and given the word. They anticipated the fate which was in store for their loved and gentle mistress, and shuddered.

On the following day the Baron summoned his prisoner before his mock tribunal, and subjected her to a cruel examination. He charged upon her the guilt of her husband's death, informed her that her son had justly been punished, according to law, for sharing in her crime, and told her that her sex alone saved her from a similar fate. He told her that he would be merciful, and, instead of dooming her to a death like his, he would allow her a milder fate: She should only be beheaded.

The Baroness was too much overwhelmed by her despair to utter a word.

She stood up, with her pale face and mournful eyes, and looked all around upon those who were present. The faces of the servants were around her. They looked at her with glances full of deepest sympathy. A low murmur was heard among them. The Baron silenced it with a terrible frown. And the Baroness was led away to her cell.

Her execution was to take place on the morning of the following day.

The morning came.

In the court-yard there was a block fixed, which had been placed there on the preceding night. The executioner stood there waiting, with his axe. He was one who had presented himself on the previous day, with high recommendations from the Duke of Ferrara. The Baron was delighted to receive so accomplished a performer.

The executioner wore a black mask, which, he said, he never was allowed to take off, on account of a religious vow. At this time he took his station by the block, and waited.

Soon the condemned made her appearance. She was accompanied by a priest. She took her stand near the block, while the priest whispered a few words to her. Her eyes were downcast, but there was a flush on her cheek which did not look like the fear of death.

Soon the Baron came forth, and all the servitors in the castle followed. A large crowd stood all around. The Baron advanced close to the block. The executioner stood motionless, poising his glittering axe.

"Come, hasten," said the Baron; "I want my breakfast, and you are delaying me."

The Baroness advanced to the block.

The Baron looked at her with a smile of triumph, which he did not care to conceal.

The Baroness knelt down.

The executioner stooped and whispered a few words in her ear. Again the red flush glowed on her cheeks. She said nothing, but laid her head on the block.

The executioner lifted his axe, and looked at the Baron.

"All right. Strike!" said the Baron.

The executioner whirled the ponderous axe around like lightning, and flung its keen edge full against the Baron's neck. So tremendous was the blow, and so well aimed, that the Baron's head, severed from the body, went spinning off through the air, the blood spouted up from the neck, the lifeless body sank down.

The executioner tore off his mask, and rushed up to the Baroness. The servitors stood paralyzed.

"Caitiffs!" he cried, "I am your lord; I am the Baron di Cruvelli.

They recognized the face of the son of the murdered Baron. The priest tore off his robes, and revealed the form and features of Maffeo.

For a moment there was bewilderment. Then a loud shout rent the air. Not one refused to join in that shout.

"Take this carcass," said the young Baron, after he had embraced his mother, who was now leaning, trembling and half fainting with joy, on his arm—"take this carcass, and bury it outside. Let no priest say prayers over it. Let it be accursed."

So the young Baron avenged his wrongs.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

GRUSSELBACH is the name of a certain Swedish professor, who, if his own account may be credited, has lately made a discovery which bids fair to confer incalculable benefits upon the human race. By a secret process he can put a living serpent to sleep, rendering it rigid as if carved from marble, yet the vital spark may be reanimated at any moment. Encouraged by his success, the Professor is desirous of experimenting upon a higher order of living creatures, and has applied to the Swedish Government for the loan of a condemned criminal, engaging to transform him into a caryatides for the façade of the Stockholm Town Hall for two years, and to restore him to life and motion at the end of that time! Supposing the authorities of Sweden accede to this proposal, and supposing the experiment is successful, what wonderful ameliorations might be introduced into our existence! How convenient it would be to avoid all the difficulties of life by suddenly transforming one's self into a block of stone for an indefinite period! If a man has but little money he can put it out at compound interest, and take a Grusselbachian nap until a sufficient fortune is accumulated. Divorce courts could be abolished; for if an ill-assorted couple quarrel, one of them can agree to undergo the Grusselbachian process until the other dies a natural death, and afterward be brought back to life! In short, new uses for such a system would be discovered every day—the great point being that care must be exercised to arrange that the petrifaction should not continue longer than one desires!

Captain Allen, of the *Scottish Bride*, which recently arrived at this port, has seen the Great Sea-Serpent—a monster whose existence can now no longer be denied. It was about two hundred miles off Delaware Bay, on the edge of the Gulf Stream, in latitude about 38 and longitude 74, that the sea-serpent appeared. The day was dark and cloudy, but the water calm. The creature was about twenty-five feet in length, and proportionately thick; its head was very large and flat, while at each side, on the extreme edge, were set two bright, scintillating eyes, which looked dangerous and wicked. Its back was covered with large scales, like the crocodile, about three inches in length, which hooked together and formed an impenetrable armor. Its belly was of a tawny-yellow color, and altogether hideous. It was accompanied by a smaller specimen of its own species, only a few feet in length, but in shape and color closely resembling the larger one. The monster was about four feet from the vessel, and distinctly seen. The captain gave orders to have a boat lowered, and to attack it; but suddenly the presence of the vessel seemed to alarm it, and it dropped into the ocean, head downward.

It is asserted that there is not such a city in the world as London for vagrancy and vagabondism of the worst kind, despite the fact that there are 7000 police in the metropolitan district. Besides the force for prevention, the work-houses on the West District furnish relief to 18,000 persons. The North District provides for 24,820 persons. The Central District provides for 19,127 persons. Twenty-eight thousand seven hundred and thirteen persons are cared for in the East District, and in the Southern District 38,487 persons. The result is a total of 128,880 men, women, and children, occupants of the union work-houses of the metropolis of London, with a population of less than three and a half millions. Besides this number, there are thousands of casuals who receive lodgings in the work-houses; and outside this fearful aggregate there are roaming in and about London at least 15,000 vagrants who do not frequent the work-houses from various reasons, and consequently have to "bunk out," as it is called in New York.

The petrifaction theory concerning the Onondaga giant has exploded. Professors and learned men, who ought to know about such matters, say it is too absurd to talk about; skillful sculptors detect the tools of their craft, and those tools not very ancient ones, either. In fact, although at first it was suggested that the monster might be perhaps three hundred years old, now Dr. Boynton counts his possible existence by days, making the gypsum giant—*perhaps*—only a little more than a year old!—which is quite a difference.

A "big thing" has been discovered in Dupage County, Illinois, which is pronounced no swindle. The bones are genuine, belonging to a mastodon or some huge creature of kindred type, which must have been something like sixteen feet high and twenty long. These relics were discovered by a farmer while digging a well, and have created quite an excitement.

Another remarkable fossil skeleton has been found in Mariposa County, California—that of a monstrous animal twenty-six feet long; a horned creature it was, with a skull which weighs five hundred pounds. What is particularly curious is, that surrounding this skeleton when found, there were forty or fifty apparently human skulls! Was the monster carnivorous?

An excursion to the Elephantine Island, where stands the ancient Nilometer, built many centuries before Christ's birth, has been proposed by the Viceroy of Egypt. The Nilometer has not been visited before since 1799. It consists of some gigantic calcareous blocks on the shores of the river Nile near the tropic of Cancer. The ancient Egyptians built it to mark the rise and fall of the Nile, and to know when to avert an inundation. The island on which it stands is uninhabited; but, strange to say, is almost a paradise, glorious with tropical beauty.

Jenny Lind recently made her public appearance before a large audience at Exeter Hall, London. She received a warm reception, and surprised her hearers by the freshness she displayed. She made her first *début* in London in May, 1847; and that, after twenty-two years, she should be able to captivate a critical audience by her vocal powers is truly wonderful.

One immediate result of Eugénie's expedition to Egypt was the invention of a new color—the "Waters of the Nile"—a changeable, wavering, glittering, sheeny green. The shade is most beautiful in rich silk. A Parisian Madame has invented a novel set of buttons to be worn with a costume of this color, and they are regarded as a *chef-d'œuvre* of the jewelers' art. They represent a whole family of little crocodiles, with scaly and elastic backs and movable tails; the largest of the set is not more than a centimetre in length, and they diminish in size as they approach the throat. As *eccentricity* in toilette is predicted to be the style during the coming season, other novelties besides *Eaux du Nil* and crocodile buttons may be expected.

A couple of American gentlemen did a cool thing not long since at Baden-Baden. They were dining with two Parisian ladies at an hotel, when a Russian prince, who, perhaps, wished to pick a quarrel, purchased two handsome bouquets and sent them to the ladies with his compliments. The Americans merely glanced over to his table, bowed cordially, and sent him back, by the waiter, two Napoleons. He was so much chagrined that he left the room.

The new and magnificent building of the Young Men's Christian Association on Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street was dedicated on the evening of December 2. The large hall was densely crowded with an intelligent and enthusiastic audience; and on the platform appeared many of the most distinguished men of our State and nation. The exercises, consisting of reading the Scriptures, dedicatory hymn, prayer, and addresses, were exceedingly interesting.

Giulia Grisi, who died last week in Berlin at the age of fifty-seven, was a native of Milan. Her splendid voice was not early developed, her first public appearance being when she was seventeen; and though she attracted some attention at that time, it was not until three years later that she won a real triumph at Milan in her representation of "Norma." Her wonderful personation of the character of Norma gave her the title of "Diva." She lived in retirement many years before her death.

The days of fair hair are about to be numbered. Report whispers that those who rule in the realms of fashion have resolved to suppress it, and brown hair is to be recalled from banishment. The Egyptian lotus, it is said, will be the favorite flower for dressing the hair; but the lotus is becoming to dark persons only—which will be a sad perplexity to the fair.

The "Grand Army of the Republic"—an extended organization of the officers and soldiers of our late army—has adopted the following plan for securing truthful details of the history of the Rebellion. At each meeting of the various "Posts" a comrade is appointed to prepare a paper, to be read at the next meeting, containing reminiscences of the war. These are to be founded on facts and occurrences which came under the *personal observation* of the writer. These papers are to be filed, and in course of time transmitted to Head-quarters, and preserved as the "Grand Army Papers."

By this method officers and privates can each tell his own story, furnishing reliable histories of special battles, incidents in camp life, sketches of comrades who fell in action, and descriptions of specific tours of duty. It is anticipated that this plan will result in securing valuable additions to the history of the great civil war.

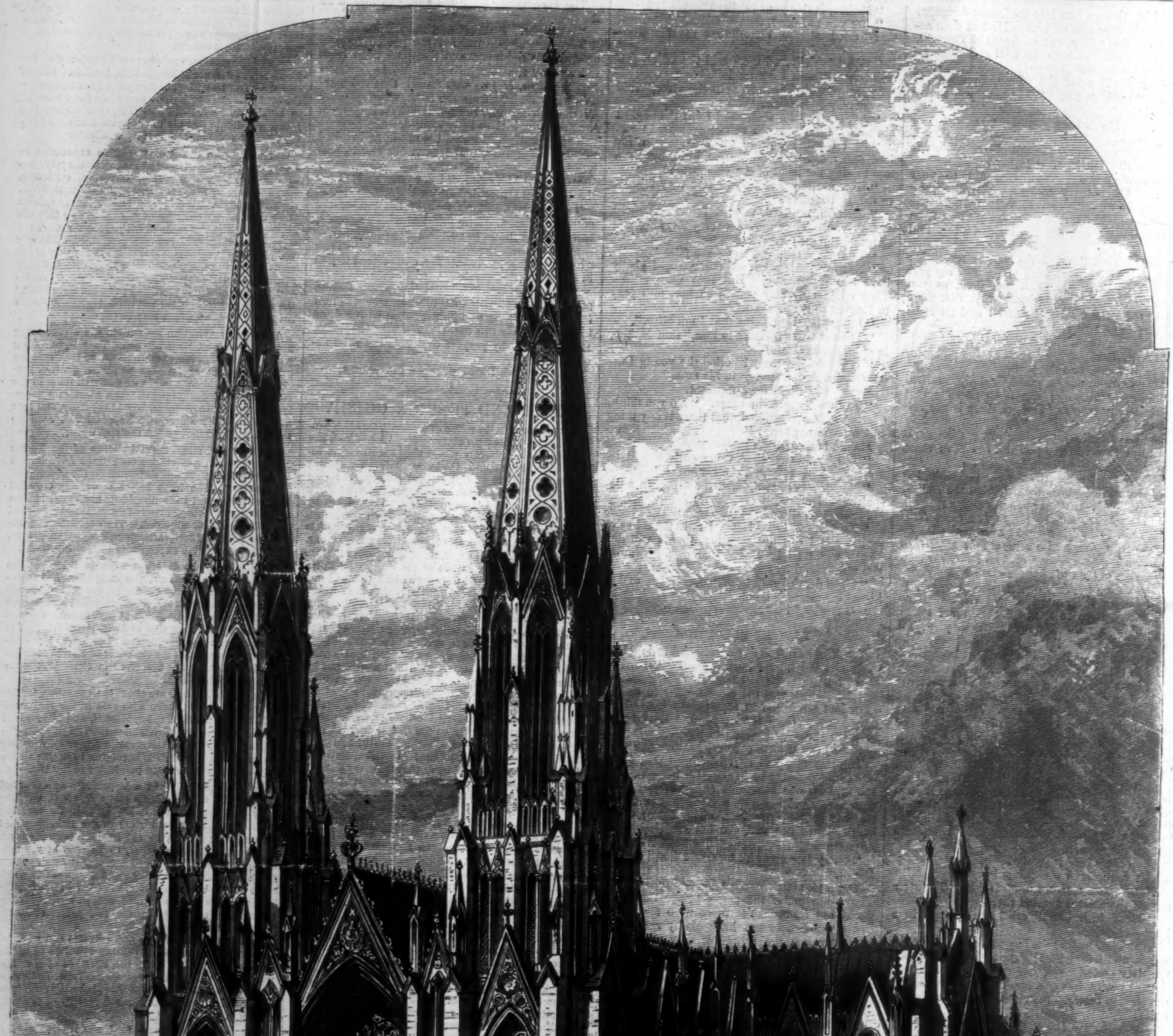
The *Alaska Times* sends forth an earnest appeal on behalf of the Russian and Aleutian population of that territory. It states that the people are in a state of great destitution, induced largely from the disruption of the Russian Fur Company, from which many derived their support, directly or indirectly. Other changes have come in with the treaty, which have deprived citizens of their means of support. And the *Times* calls upon the Government to cease to consider the country worthless, but to do its duty toward it.

Chicago is about to have a new tunnel built under the Chicago River for the purpose of connecting the two divisions of the city. The tunnel is to consist of three passage-ways. The east one for foot-passengers, and the other two for horses, and vehicles drawn by horses. The distance across the river at La Salle Street, where the central line of the tunnel is to be placed, is three hundred feet. The open approaches to the tunnel on each side are to be paved with wooden block pavement. The total cost of this work is estimated to be upward of $475,000.

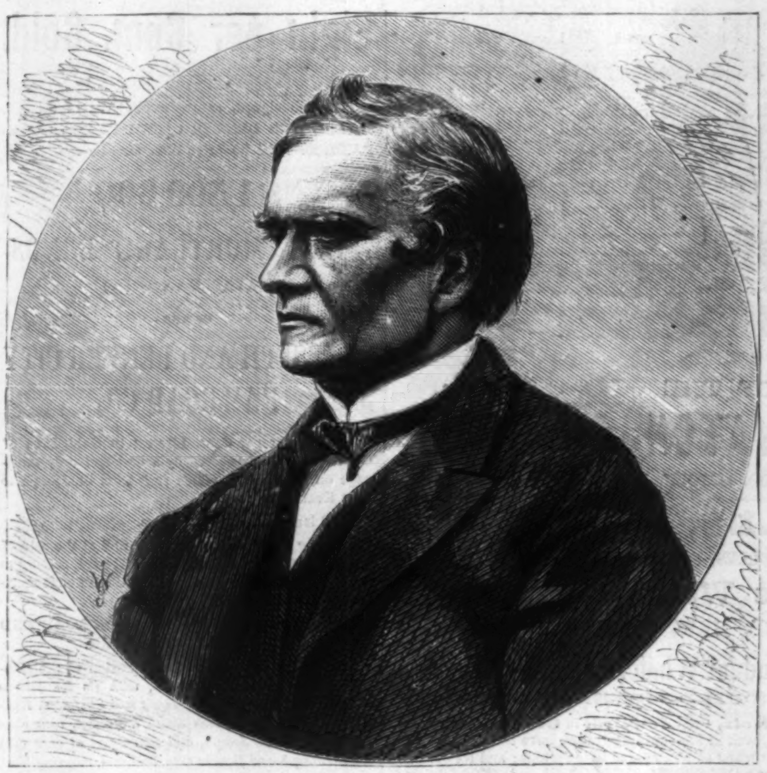
The notorious Wild Man of Steuben County has been translated to another sphere of action. It is asserted by an exchange, whose veracity we dare not doubt, that he "climbed into a tall sycamore, pulled the tree up after him, and that was the last that any body saw of him."

There are three wrecking companies in New York city, which were organized for the purpose of rendering assistance to vessels ashore on the rocks and reefs of our coast, or otherwise disabled. They are the Atlantic Submarine Wrecking Company, the Coast Wrecking Company, and the Neptune Submarine Wrecking Company. They are constantly prepared for any contingency. Wrecking steamers are fitted out for a ten days' cruise, and are perfectly equipped with all necessary wrecking materials. During the two years from October 1, 1867, to October 1, 1869, eighty-six vessels were wrecked in the immediate vicinity of this city. Their entire value was nearly seven million dollars. A large proportion of this property was saved by the New York wrecking companies, who were also instrumental in rescuing about three thousand persons from drowning.

To enumerate all the articles which the intelligent grocer can add to his ground coffee would be an act beyond human capabilities. But what is to be done now that there is a large manufactory on the south side of the Thames where coffee is manufactured *in the berry?* Another grocers' trick is developed in the paper with which some of them are accused of wrapping up the articles in which they deal. Sugar-bags that are weighed with the sugar afford a notable instance of this. An enterprising individual, after using pounded stone in the manufacture of his paper pulp, has taken out a patent for making these bags of iron filings!



ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, FIFTH AVENUE, BETWEEN FIFTIETH AND FIFTY-FIRST STREETS, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 808.]



REV. JOHN LANAHAN.—[Phot. by Rockwood, Broadway, New York.]

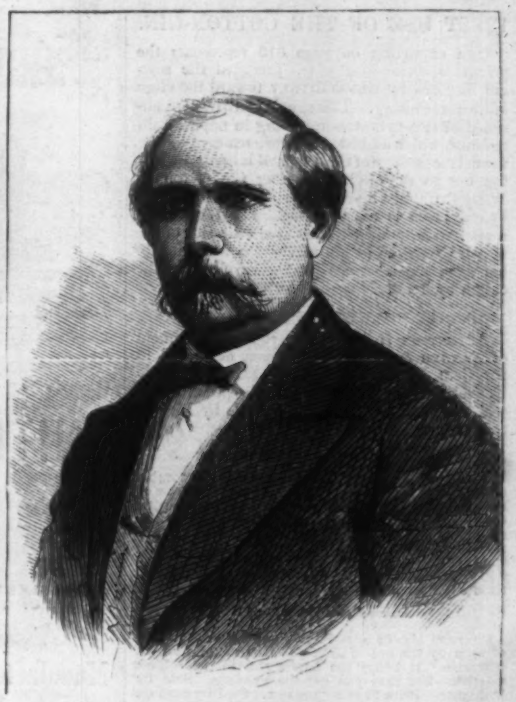
THE REV. JOHN LANAHAN, D.D.

The Rev. John Lanahan, one of the "Book Agents" in charge of the Methodist Publishing House in this city, is a Virginian by birth, though of Irish ancestry. In the year 1838, being then a youth of eighteen years, he joined the "Old Baltimore Conference," so famous in the annals of the Methodist itinerancy. His ministerial life has been spent mostly in Washington, Georgetown, Alexandria, Baltimore, and the adjacent districts. This region, from the year 1845 until the breaking out of the late civil war, comprised the debatable ground between the Northern and Southern Methodist Churches, known as "the border." It was, in its way, a battle-ground. Harassed by the popular excitements which in the Slave States accompanied the progress of the interminable slavery controversy, the border preachers experienced all the bitterness of the ecclesiastical strife which preceded the contest between armed forces. Dr. Lanahan's life during this period called for the utmost firmness and decision, and gave these traits, which are predominant in him, constant exercise. Upon the breaking out of the war the preachers of the "border" were subjected to trials of still greater severity. Some of them, with their congregations, went over to the South, others adhering to the National cause. Congregations, families, and social circles were divided without hope of reconciliation. In this crisis Dr. Lanahan soon became conspicuous as an unflinching patriot. During all the war his relations with the government were those of a trusted adviser. It has been his good fortune repeatedly to receive the thanks of the departments for his services to the national cause.

At the last General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which met in Chicago, May 1, 1868, Dr. Lanahan was, quite unexpectedly to himself, elected Second or Assistant Book Agent. The Publishing House, of which the agents have charge, wields a capital of nearly $700,000, publishes a large list of periodicals, besides supplying the Church with denominational books. In this position Dr. Lanahan's habits of close observation enabled him to detect imperfect business methods; his investigations led him, step by step, to the discovery of the "great mismanagement" and "serious losses" which have excited a painful interest in the public mind.

As a preacher Dr. Lanahan is earnest, and at times highly impassioned. As an administrative officer he is remarkable for his unswerving integrity and his iron-nerved adherence to the decisions of his judgment. A sterling patriot, a faithful minister, he has deserved well of his Church and his country.

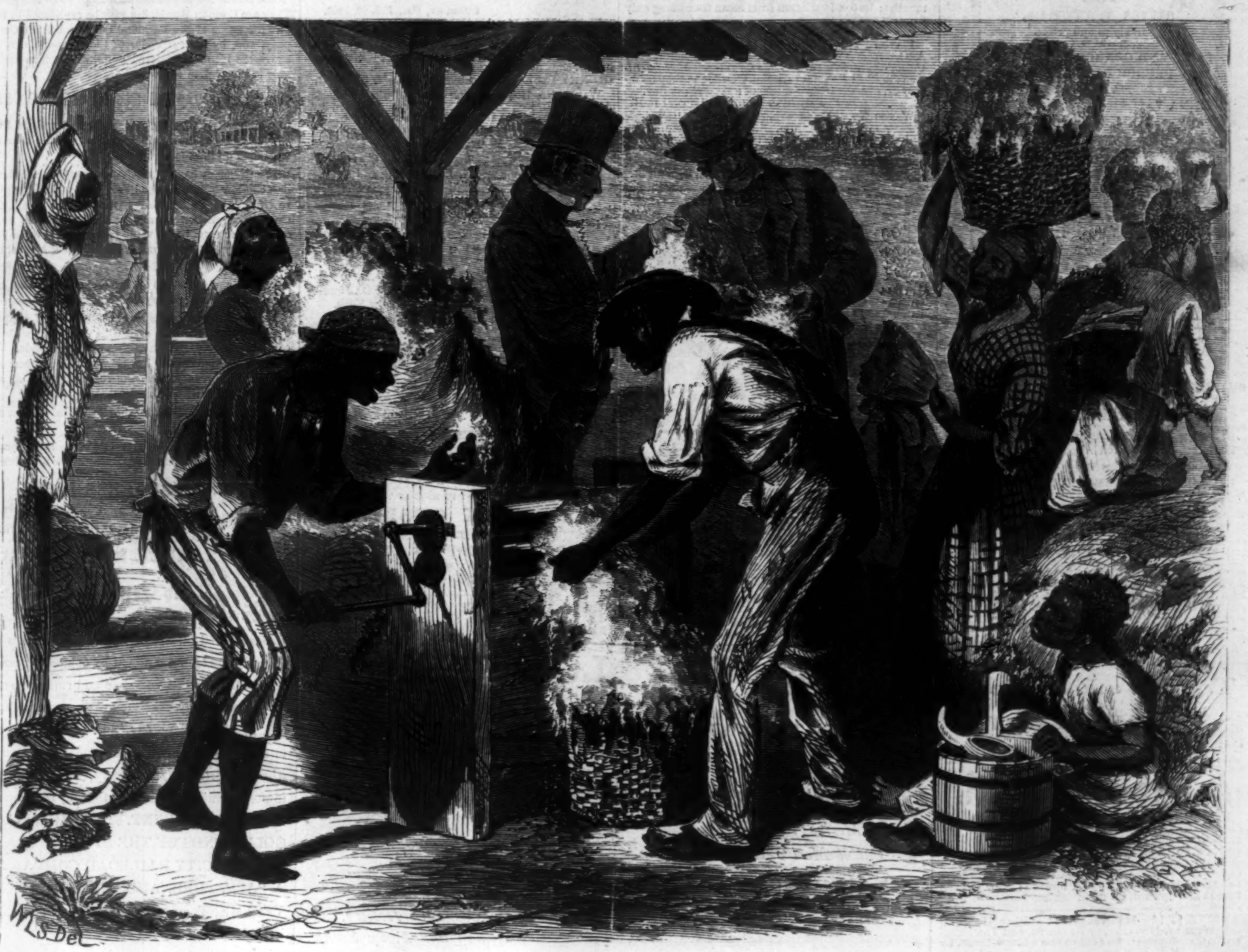
GENERAL ALCORN.



GEN. J. L. ALCORN, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF MISSISSIPPI.
[Photographed by Gurney, New York.]

General J. L. Alcorn, Governor-elect of Mississippi, whose portrait will be found on this page, was born in 1816, in what was then the Territory of Illinois. At an early age he entered college, but remained there only a few terms, leaving his studies to enter upon active life as deputy to his uncle, the sheriff of Livingston County, Kentucky. He subsequently became sheriff, and was afterward elected by the Whigs to the Lower House of the State Legislature. In 1846 he removed, with his family, to Mississippi, and settled in Coahoma County, where he has since resided. Here he commenced the practice of law. He was soon afterward elected to the State Legislature; and at the same time was chosen by the Whigs in his old district to represent them in the Legislature of Kentucky. He was a member of the Mississippi Legislature for twenty years. Strongly opposed to secession, he was elected to the Convention of 1861 as a Unionist; but finding his efforts to prevent the secession of the State unavailing, he cast in his fortunes with the South, and was appointed a Brigadier-General. After serving some time in the field, he retired from active duty, and was elected to the State Legislature, where he strongly opposed the policy advocated by the more desperate leaders of the rebellion. At great personal risk he protested against the law exempting slaveholders from service in the Confederate army, and declared the wholesale conscription measures enforced throughout the Southern States to be a confession of failure.

On the close of the war General Alcorn was elected to the United States Senate, but was not allowed to take his seat. He has since identified himself with the Republican party of his State, and has recently been elected Governor by a large majority.



THE FIRST COTTON-GIN.—Drawn by William L. Sheppard.—[See Page 814.]

FIRST USE OF THE COTTON-GIN.

Our engraving on page 813 represents the primitive cotton-gin, which preceded the saw-gin invented by Eli Whitney toward the close of the last century. This simple contrivance consisted of two cylinders revolving in opposite directions, which admitted the fibre readily but prevented the passage of the seed and larger "trash," but not so thoroughly cleaning the cotton as Whitney's machine. The scene represented by our artist is the introduction of the gin on a plantation, amidst the excited curiosity of the negroes, who see in the machine a welcome relief from the laborious process of cleaning the cotton by hand.

Attention is directed to the advertisement of Tanner & Co., in this paper, of the Eight per Cent. Gold Bonds of the St. Joseph and Denver City Railroad Co., which speaks for itself. These bonds are also for sale by Messrs. Converse & Co.—[*Com.*]

A Christmas or New Year's Present.—A monthly or a weekly publication for young people makes one of the most acceptable presents that can be given during the holidays, and for this purpose the Youth's Companion, of Boston, is admirably adapted. It will make its appearance new and fresh with each succeeding week, is always sprightly, entertaining and practical. Some of the most brilliant writers in the country contribute to its columns.—[*Com.*]

Chapped Hands and Face, Sore Lips, &c., cured at once by the use of *Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine.* It keeps the hands soft in the coldest weather. See that you get the genuine. Sold by Druggists. Price 25 cents per box. Sent by mail on receipt of 30 cents.—Hegeman & Co., New York.

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Emerson's PATENT ROCKING CHAIRS, *without rockers.*
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Pedestals, Swiss Carved Woods, and Jardinieres.

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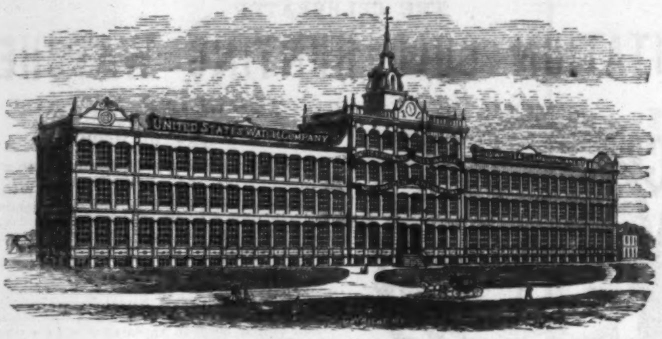
$20 A DAY! Business new. Samples and Circulars free. J. C. RAND & CO., **Biddeford, Me.**



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Of Derby, Snow, & Prentiss, Jersey City, N. J.

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Watch No. 1117—bearing Trade-Mark "Frederic Atherton & Co., Marion, N. J.," manufactured by United States Watch Co., has been carried by me fifteen months; its total variation from mean time being only an average of two-thirds of a second per day.
B. F. PHELPS, Con. N. J. Central R. R.

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E. RICE, of Whitney & Rice, 179 Broadway, N. Y.

Sunbury, Pa., *Feb.* 26, 1869.
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Eight per Cent. Gold.

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$1,500,000

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OF THE
ST. JOSEPH AND DENVER CITY RAILROAD CO.,

Bearing Eight per Cent. Interest in Gold, Free of Government Tax, secured by a first and only mortgage on the railway, which runs from St. Joseph to Fort Kearney.

Total length of road, 271 miles.

Distance mortgaged, 111 miles; and at the rate of only $13,500 per mile on a completed road, costing to build and equip more than double the amount mortgaged.

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These bonds have thirty years to run from August 14, 1869. Payable at maturity, in Gold, in the City of New York.

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ON $1000 BOND.

In New York	$40 gold.
In London	£8 4s. 4d.
In Frankfort-on-the-Main	100 flor.

On $500 Bond, one half these amounts respectively.

The Bonds are in denominations of $1000 and $500. They are Coupon Bonds, but may be registered in the owner's name at the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company, and, by the surrender of the Coupons, can be converted into a Registered Bond, with interest payable to the registered owner.

Company's Capital Stock, $10,000,000,

to which nearly $2,000,000 is subscribed and paid up by local subscriptions, which amount has and is being expended on the road.

The Company have $1,600,000 acres of superior land immediately adjoining the line. This was a grant direct from the United States Government to aid the Company in their work, and, at the Government price of $2 50 per acre, has a value of $4,000,000, while the loan is only $1,500,000, *and is the only debt against the Company.*

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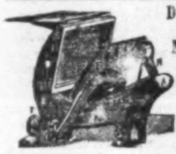

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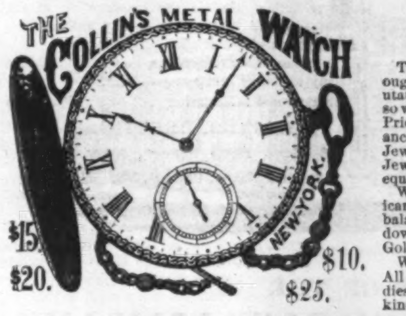

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SEAMLESS KID GLOVES.

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A HANDSOME ASSORTMENT OF THE ABOVE,
Equal, if not superior to
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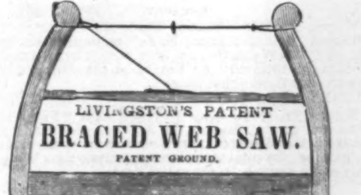
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Railroad Conductors, Engineers, Expressmen, the most exacting of our customers, have thoroughly *demonstrated the Strength, Durability, Accuracy, and Utility* of the *Fac-Simile Waltham Watches*, and pronounce them *invaluable* as reliable time-keepers. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Swiss Movements, $15 each; Gentlemen's Full-Jeweled Patent Levers, *Fac-Simile Walthams*, $20; *Chronometer Balance*, $25; Extra-fine finish *Chronometer Balance*, $30 and $35. Magnificent Heavy Rolled-Gold Plated Watches, Patent Levers, $25, $30, and $35 each; Patent Stem-Winders, $40, $50, and $60 each. Each Watch guaranteed by a special certificate. The Latest Styles of Chains for Ladies and Gentlemen, $3 to $10 each. Sent by express, to be paid for on delivery; customers must pay all charges. Clubs ordering 6 Watches at once will receive one extra as a present. Beware of imitators, as we can not be responsible unless orders are sent direct to **JOHN FOGGAN,** Pres't. Oroide Gold Watch Co., **79 NASSAU St., N.Y.**

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